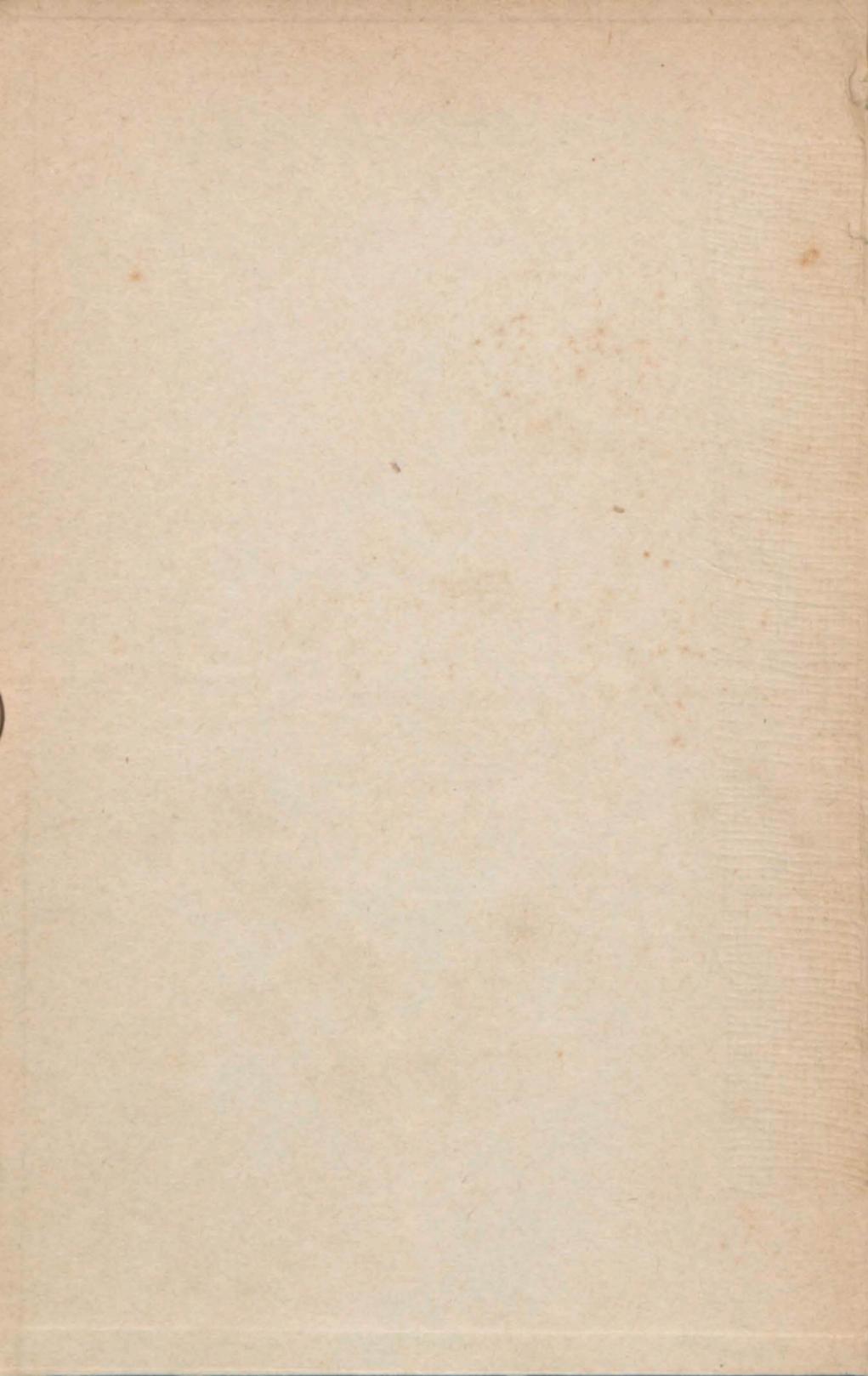




A
CHRONICLE OF
CONQUEST

• FRANCES C. SPARHAWK •

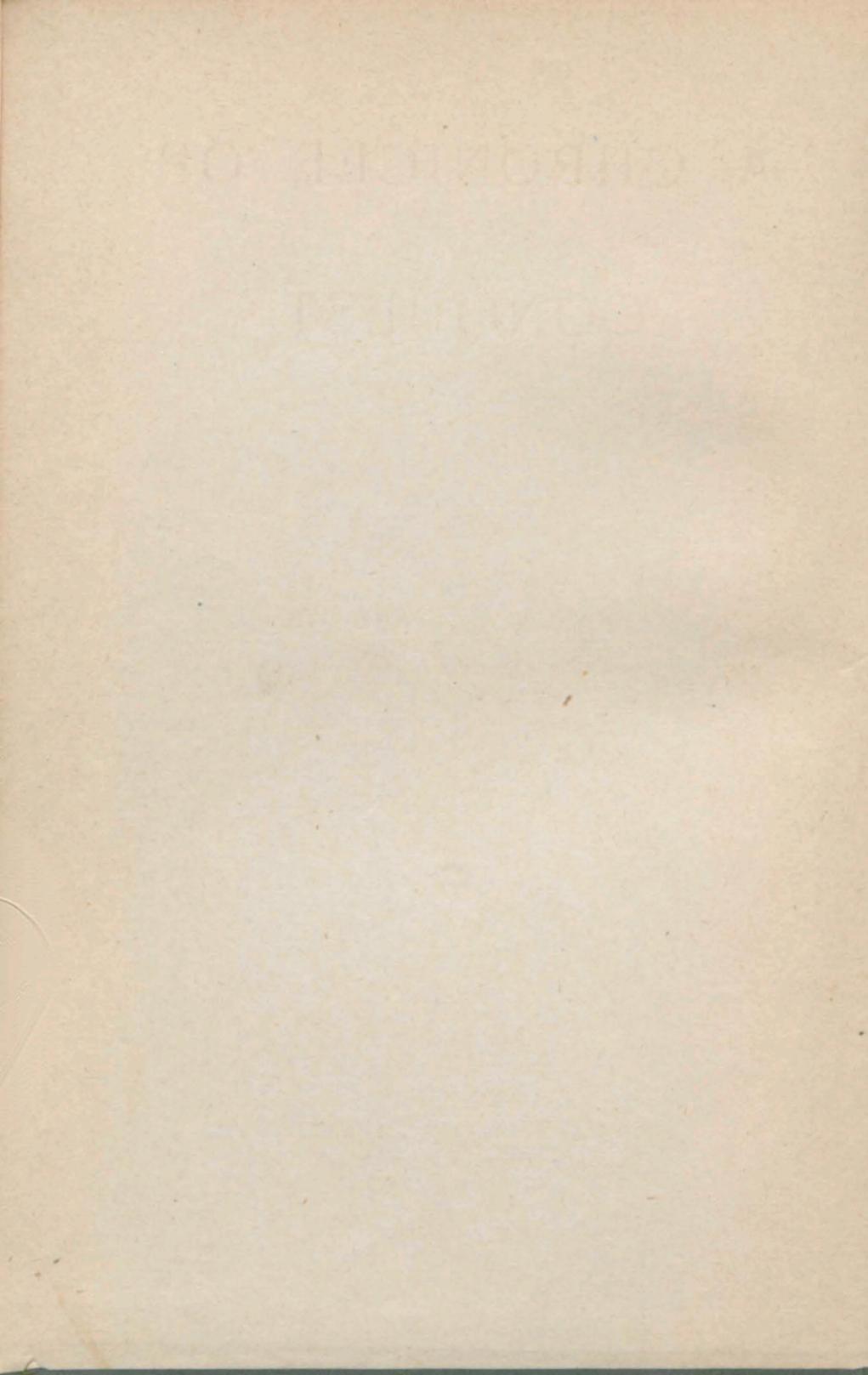


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March 1898.

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A CHRONICLE OF CONQUEST

BY
FRANCES C. SPARHAWK

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE POLLY BLATCHLEY," "A LAZY MAN'S WORK," ETC



BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

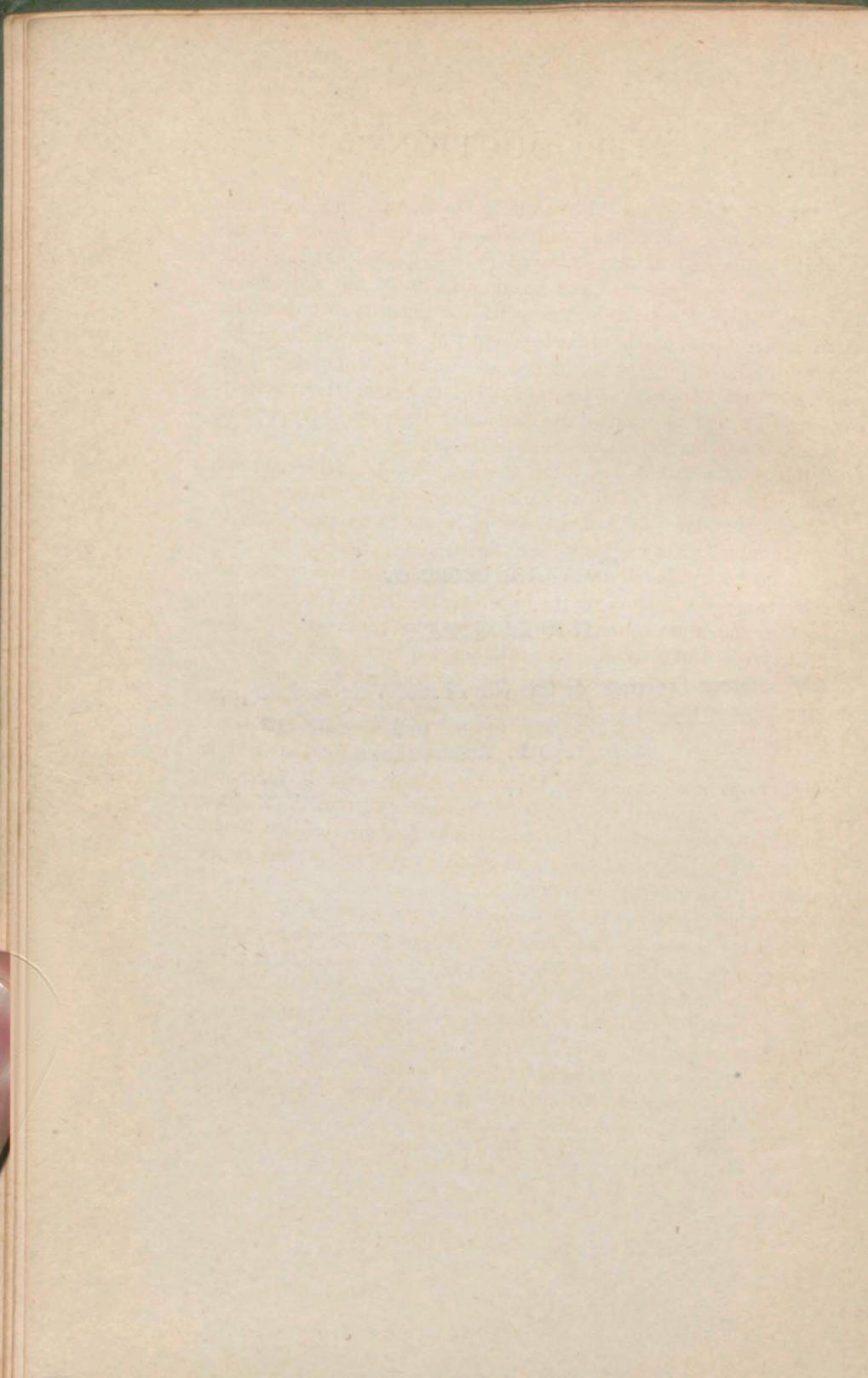
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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER

Who from the time of the Nez Percé War and the plea
of Chief Joseph questioned why the Indians
were kept in Reservations.

F. C. S.



INTRODUCTION.

SOME critics of the "Little Polly Blatchley" whose childish deeds were a while ago made known to that corner of the world interested in her, betrayed to the public that this little girl was not a person of the imagination at all, but a flesh-and-blood Polly. Far be from the writer the temerity to correct his critics (still less, hers). Like a parent who has sent forth his beloved children into the world, he may lament or enjoy their fate, as the case may be, but he can no longer change their destiny. Therefore the real or mythical existence of Polly Blatchley remains where it was before, in the hands of the critics.

But, it is asserted, "A Stray Captive" was actually captured, not only once, but "Twice"; the true record of "Capea Osandiah," not under this name, however, is one to be studied by all who doubt Indian capabilities; "Nettie's Experience" has been to some extent shared by hundreds of Indian girls within the last few years; the history of the little Apache is, except his name, true, to the almost literal rendering of the conversations; the "Cheyenne and Pawnee" are still going on in the path that they have entered. The work, and the Indians whose stories are given, are as real as the Carlisle School itself.

If the sketch arouse interest in the Indian, make him seem nearer us in civilization, if, by means of it, the tomahawk sink deeper out of sight and the blessed possibilities of all childhood and youth, even of that taken from the lowest surroundings, come more clearly into view, if there is seen to flow the common blood of humanity under red skins and white alike, then, in spite of its faults, it will gladden its writer.

Obviously, the system inaugurated by the head of the school of putting young Indians for a shorter or longer time into the households of white people is a happy one. It is hoped that the true pictures here given of this pleasant relationship will help on the day when Americans will extend to Indians as to other youth all American opportunities, and so, a real citizenship.

This sketch was brought out as a serial by the "Christian Union," the courtesy of whose editors, and their interest in the cause, are gratefully acknowledged by

F. C. S.

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A CHRONICLE OF CONQUEST.

CHAPTER I.

HOW POLLY PROPOSED TO REST.

POLLY BLATCHLEY was eighteen. It was not seven years since she had, as her brother put it, sharpened her pencils and her wits at the same time for the stories that had interested herself and amused her family, so that, after all, she was not quite a different Polly.

But she had grown a good deal taller since the days that her "Histrionics" had netted a welcome sum for the library of the Carlisle School and she had made John Hanover, the hero of her little story, win fame and fortune by portraying at once the savage adornments and the human instincts of the red man. Her earnestness had deepened; so also had, at times, her single dimple, which, by the occasions of its special depression, proved that her perceptions had lost none of their keenness.

For three years she had been a student at Vassar. She had studied too hard. Another year

like this would break her down seriously. She began upon it, however.

But suddenly her way was blocked. Square across it stood the doctor—Dr. Straiter, whom she had known all her life and whom she could neither coax nor persuade out of his opinions; and behind him her father had planted himself. She could not move either. To the two combined she yielded with a graciousness she had at times, and which left in the minds of her conquerors a healthful desire to give up the next point to her.

It was at this point that she asked :

“Then, papa, if I am to rest, I may have a good time doing it, mayn’t I? I may rest, I mean *rest*, in my own way?”

“Why, I think so, Polly.”

“Then, papa, I want to go to Carlisle. Lance has asked me to go to see her; and, you know, I can stay some time if I don’t impose upon the Government and my friends—or, at least, I hope so.”

Mr. Blatchley fixed his eyes upon his daughter.

“And so you want to go to Carlisle to rest?” he said. “You want to go where the struggle of a race for a foothold in civilization, which means for its existence, is going on. This is a spot which seems to you typical of rest, does it?”

“Do you expect me to do nothing at all, papa?”

The merriment went out of Mr. Blatchley’s

face, and the curves about his mouth untwisted themselves.

"Hardly," he said. "But"—

"Will the Indian be any more fatiguing than the German?" asked Fred Blatchley, looking up from a conversation with his mother.

The question had no ambiguity to Polly.

"I have danced it only once for a week," she returned. "But, since you ask, I do prefer the Indian."

"The greater novelty?"

"Certainly," answered the girl, in suave tones.

"It's just as Fred says, Polly," began Fred's wife, who had been spending the day with her mother-in-law—"that your pictures always have a dash of Indian red in them."

"That's necessary to the truth and picturesqueness of the landscape," replied Polly. She spoke a trifle stiffly; it was not easy for her to see how one's sister-in-law had a right to criticise so severely.

"Ah, ha! that's what you're going to do—paint for us, is it, Poll? It's the picturesqueness that you're going to give us," cried Fred.

The girl turned away from both.

"Papa," she said, "do you think I am going to Carlisle to rave over the picturesqueness of the old savagery? Don't you believe that I am going there to learn?"

"Forgive me, Poll; and at least come home and tell us about it, won't you?"

"You talk as if you were really going, Polly," said Mrs. Blatchley. "I've not said 'yes' to the scheme; I don't approve of it at all, and I don't mean to let you go."

"Why, mamma, after all your Indian Rights Societies and correspondence?"

"It's not the cause that's at fault; but I don't want you to be too active, and I shall keep you under my own eye this winter. What's that, Fred?"

"Nothing, mamma; I was only remarking what a lady of leisure you would be."

"What are they making of the Indians down there, anyhow?" inquired Mrs. Fred Blatchley. "You remember Mr. Knowlton, Fred? He was out in Colorado for years, and knew all about the Indians—used to see them constantly driving their cattle about to get the best places for them. Well, they couldn't do that because the settlers had looked after that, of course; they had had the reservations changed, I believe, or something, I don't know exactly what, but they had managed it all right; they knew how to make the best use of the lands for the good of the country, you see. But, as I was saying"—and she addressed her whole audience—"Mr. Knowlton assured me the Indians are a good-for-nothing set at the best, idle

and vagabond. Of course it's right to try to Christianize them for our own sakes, he said, but then it was of no use and would do no good, excepting the good to ourselves for making the attempt; it was well to satisfy our consciences, but there was nothing to be hoped but that the race would die off. And I know any number of Westerners who feel in exactly the same way."

"So do I," returned Mr. Blatchley. He had been looking from his daughter-in-law to his daughter. Polly had seemed about to speak, but had checked herself.

"They try their best to teach them," the speaker went on, "and I dare say they succeed to some extent. But what does it amount to? They're only Indians; they will go back to their old ways, and I agree with Mr. Knowlton that the farther back they go the better. Plenty of people East feel the same way, too,"

"Yes," returned Mr. Blatchley, dryly.

"They think the Wild West of Buffalo Bill is the best exponent of Indian character," remarked Fred, with a smile at his sister.

But Polly, as if she had not heard him, was looking intently at Mr. Blatchley. At last she walked up to him, and, bending down, said, in an undertone, "Papa, you will, by and by, talk it over with mamma? I want very, very much to go."

He smiled.

"Where did you put that letter I gave you last evening to read, Polly?" he asked.

"Here it is, papa. Blanche," she added, "did Kate come in to see you this morning? She thought she should when she left here."

"Gertrude," said Mr. Blatchley the next morning, as Mrs. Blatchley sat in the library looking over the paper and watching her husband preparing to go to business, as she had the habit of doing, "I wouldn't keep Polly at home if I were you. You know the doctor wants her to have a change of air. I think the entire change of life would do her good; I'm quite in favor of her going."

"So should I be if she were strong enough. But, Everett, you know Polly; you know it won't do."

Mr. Blatchley turned—he had been standing with his back to his wife, gathering up some papers at his desk. Now he walked up to her, and stood looking at her.

"Gertrude," he said, gravely, "have we a right to do this? If she wants to turn for a while from a social life that we know is selfish, to the sight of life on a different plane—life that necessarily must be filled with a thousand kind offices that money can't pay for—ought we to hinder her? If she thinks that she prefers studying the Indian to amusing herself with her companions, ought we

not give her a chance to find out if this is mere versatility or if it is a genuine feeling? If this were any question of worldly gain, we wouldn't stand in her way; ought we to stand in her way in something more important? Where are my gloves? I left them on the table—oh, here they are!"

And Mr. Blatchley went out hurriedly, closing the door after him with more than usual emphasis.

CHAPTER II.

A RECOGNITION.

IT was noon that same day. A gentleman took a train at one of the elevated railway stations in the city. He was very young, but there was about him the consciousness that the fault was venial and required only time for its cure, until which cure he would get the greatest satisfaction possible out of the fault. He was tall and dark, with dark eyes, a dark mustache that promised to be heavier some day, and a pleasant smile. He was dressed irreproachably, and had the air of being ready for things in general, and especially for the agreeable. One of the latter he was not long in finding.

Opposite him sat a young lady. She had on a gray suit with dark trimmings; her little gray bonnet had a hint of pink about it. But it was more than the most becoming dress and what the young man called the swell style that attracted him. It was a most interesting face under the little bonnet; but, in addition to the attractiveness, there

was a haunting familiarity in the face. Where had he seen it? When? Never? Yes, surely, somewhere. And it looked most familiar when most grave; and when she sat looking out of the car window, and evidently seeing pictures not visible to others, the likeness came back to him most strongly. There was no recognition in her eyes as they rested for a moment upon him. But this did not shake his conviction.

Suddenly, as the train stopped, a gentleman passing the young lady lifted his hat and called her by name.

Ah! her opposite had been right. Her eyes had, indeed, looked at him before; he had seen freckles of sunburn on this complexion now so guiltless of such result of sun and wind; not only had he heard laughter from those lips, but he had seen them move in the most earnest entreaty. Looking at her, he seemed to see a lonely cliff, jagged rocks, slippery with the tide and deserted except by two children, about whom the waves were swirling while they held fast to one another, their white lips quivering in prayer, their eyes strained to find the coming help. Those hands, now so faultlessly gloved, had in them, he knew, the power of a firm grasp. She had saved his life. Of course he had always remembered her. But he had had no idea that she would grow up so very fine-looking.

At that moment the seat next the young lady was vacated. He took it, looked at her deferentially, and raised his hat.

"Pardon me. This is Miss Blatchley?"

"Yes," returned Polly, accompanying her assent with a questioning glance, which he answered by asking :

"Have you forgotten your childish days, Roaring Rock, and Tony Hathway, the little boy from Providence?"

Polly smiled, flushed a little, and scrutinized him carefully. "Yes, I do remember the color of your hair," she answered, "and a way you have of looking at people to try to make them answer as you want to have them". And then, with a laugh, she took the hand by which he claimed old acquaintance. "And Hattie?" she asked.

Hattie was to be married that winter. Did Miss Blatchley remember this thing and that, even to the pimpernels that grew on Roaring Rock, and how the children had looked down into the chasm to see the waves come in?

"Nearly as bad as looking out of this window down into the street?" she asked, with a teasing glance that he remembered. "It's like the ocean, even to the roar. Only I confess that I shouldn't mind being stranded on the curbstone quite so much as I did a certain other stranding that we had once."

Polly's station came so soon that, although Hathway not only ran down the steps with her into the street, but went to her destination, he had not time to begin to say all the things that ought to be said. Might he come to see her? Certainly.

But Polly secretly believed that he would not see her, for she was going to Carlisle in a week.

He came the next day but one, however. He was full of plans for the winter's amusement. He was studying law in the city, and studying tremendously, too, he confessed. Still, a fellow must have time for a little outing.

"Some fellows will, you know," said his listener, smiling at him.

Hathway went on. Among his other hopes was the one that Miss Blatchley liked opera, and that she and her mamma would do him the honor to go with him; and he named a famous singer coming in two weeks.

"But I shall not be here," said Polly, as she thanked him. "Next week I am going away for the winter—going to Carlisle."

Sheer amazement came into the young man's face.

"To Carlisle!" he stammered. "What for? It's an old Revolutionary town, isn't it?"

"I mean to Carlisle Barracks—to the Indian School."

Tony's amazement did not abate. He looked at Polly attentively, as she afterward explained to her father, "to find the crack in my head." "What for?" he repeated. "Have you turned missionary, Miss Blatchley?"

"No," answered the girl, a little wistfully; "I've only turned one enough to want to look at other people. Carlisle is not a missionary school, you know."

"I know, of course. But I can't imagine what you want of the Indians. Perhaps you know some one down there?" he suggested, with sudden interest.

"Of course I do," returned Polly; "or I could not so well go there." And she smiled and watched him; then, still watching, her face grew grave. "You ask me what I want of the Indians, Mr. Hathway. What do any of us want of them? That is just the thing that puzzles me. We meet and talk and give money, and we work to get measures through Congress, and work for the home-building on the reservations; and yet, sometimes, it doesn't seem as if we made enough out of it. It seems to me we could do better if we understood what kind of creatures we were working for."

"You want a realistic study?"

"I don't want to take it artistically," said Polly, with the air of throwing off a theory. "It seems

to me we want something more practical — more Indian, I mean — more what the Indian needs."

"Undoubtedly that's the place to get Indian, but I'm sorry I can't agree with you," began the young man. Then he stopped. "But, upon the whole, I should think it would be interesting," he went on. "Yes, Miss Blatchley, I quite envy you. There you will be studying out a new problem, while I"—

"Shall be hammering away at an old one," finished Polly, as he hesitated. "But they both concern law and order; perhaps yours will turn out to be of use in the other, some day."

"Perhaps so," returned Hathway. He was looking at her earnestly, but nothing seemed to reward his earnestness.

"Of course, one can't tell," added Polly. "Did you say that your sister would live here after her marriage? I shall visit her as soon as I come home."

Polly and her mother consoled Hathway by going to the theatre with him before the departure of the former, and Tony consoled himself by seeing Miss Blatchley off, and by a promise which was not made audibly.

It was not of Tony Hathway, however, that Polly was thinking as in the train she leaned her chin on her hand and looked out of the window. She liked stretches of snow-covered field with

bare boughs of trees against the sky, and here and there pines like the softness of shadows in the picture; but even these and the hills that came more and more often on the horizon did not hold her long. Her childish fondness for investigation had matured into a longing for some comprehension of the sweep of things; what brought about results interested her no less than the results themselves.

But now she was full of anticipation. What was she about to see and hear? She had seen photographs, she had seen some of the Indian pupils from the school. But all this was very different from the whole—from five to six hundred Indians all together, children and young people. How would they appear? What would be the difference which must exist between them and the Anglo-Saxons whom by courtesy we call Americans?

At last she had arrived. She drove up the Garrison Lane, past the guard at the gate, past the old guardhouse said to have been built by Hessian prisoners during the Revolutionary War. The Indian boys were upon duty there. The carriage drove by the school buildings, where only the boys putting the rooms into order appeared at door or window, for the afternoon session was over.

As she left the carriage she walked on a few

steps in advance of Lance, who had waited to give orders about the trunks.

"Come," said the latter, joining her, "this is the door; I will show you our rooms."

But Polly stood upon the piazza looking about her.

"Wait a moment," she said; "is my face so very black? Who is that lady who has just passed and bowed to you—the one with chestnut hair, and eyes the color of the sky?"

"That's Vesta."

"And the slender lady with her; she is laughing now."

"That's Pauline. She will make you laugh, too."

"And only look across the lawns at those girls in their cloaks. I never knew enough to put Indian red and navy blue together. I wish I had thought of it first. And, Lance, who is that very tall man in a military hat over there with those two Indian children on the walk? See! he is stepping quietly from one side to the other just as they try to go by him, looking down at them and smiling and not saying a word. The little girls are smiling, too; they're the least bit shy and very much pleased. Now he has let them pass, and is talking to some one that he had been waiting for."

"That's the Captain."

CHAPTER III.

INSPECTION.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, DEC. —, 188—.

DEAR MAMMA :

Down here you get dipped deep as Achilles—deeper, for not even your heel is left out.

"What do they talk about at the table, Lance?" I said. "Indians, I hope."

"No, indeed," she answered; "they have voted not to do that. They want variety." And then she laughed, but she would not tell me why. "You'll see," she said.

The first day they asked me polite questions, and talked of the outside world in a way that showed that if they were people of one idea, it was not because they did not know where to find others.

But who are the "they" I am talking about?

Why, the members of the "Club," of course; the teachers—all ladies—and the other people here whose homes are not in the town, except the married people, who, although members, only

come to the Club when they are afflicted by domestic troubles—kitchen infelicities. These happen even here from the bringing in of outside help. And, by the way, mamma, since I have been here it occurred to me that settling the Indian question might help to settle the servant-girl question. It seems so when I see the Indian girls waiting upon the table. They are so quiet, so dignified, and some of them so deft. But then when I know that these same girls read and recite essays, I feel as if I was at the mountains, waited upon by teachers and college students, as we were one summer, you remember. I think it's nice; it makes me feel quite a big bug.

The Indians are taught everything here, under superintendence. The girls do the work in the pupils' dining-room and kitchen, in the laundry, in the girls' quarters; and different sets are detailed to new work every month, so that they may learn everything.

They take care of the ladies' rooms. Lance says that some of them take care of her, too. She has a way of measuring them, and if they fit she doesn't bother either herself or them. She says that if they know you don't have to teach them, all that is necessary is to let them practice. But she understands how to throw in a suggestion to them, though she won't own it. She only laughs, and says that Minerva is convinced of her igno-

rance and is beautifully good to her on the detail; yet that all she does is just to shake up the names and they come so. As I told you, they talked everything but Indian for two days.

But the third morning at breakfast Selina fixed her eyes upon her opposite neighbor.

"Fred White Bull has been doing so splendidly," she said. "He is just as steady and good as he can be. That boy came here three years ago not able to speak a word of English," she explained to me, "and now he is so promising."

"How is he about performing?" asked Trix.

Eve laughed. There is a jovial ring in her voice that is encouraging if one thinks of acquaintance. "He's good at that," she said; "he doesn't understand what you say, but he always performs something. He never makes the same mistake twice, and his blunders all come from his having had so much of the vernacular in his childhood."

"Isn't he the boy that gave the original definition of 'cow-catcher'?" asked Clio.

"Yes; I was trying to find out if the children knew the meanings of the words in their lessons for the next day," said Cecilia; "and when I came to 'cow-catcher' Fred's hand went up. 'What is a cow-catcher?' I asked. 'A cow-boy,' he answered, promptly."

Dolores looked up with a wave of her hand at the speaker. "He only meant a harmless pun,"

she said, so gravely that I wasn't sure from her tone if she meant explanation or teasing, but at the moment I caught a glance of her eye, and I wasn't in doubt any longer.

"That shows that Cecilia is not a person of resources," said Theodora. "She should have imitated the lady who once went with Minerva in her visits to the girls out in families. She was a literary lady, Lance, and being accustomed to fiction, she did not allow probabilities to interfere with her enthusiasms. In the rounds they came upon one of the Indian boys, whom she proceeded to interview—I mean, whom she attempted to interview, for the red man has one surpassing qualification for office, he will never give himself away. The boy did not respond to her questions. She thought that this was because he was embarrassed by the presence of his employers; so, in order to allow him to speak freely, she addressed him in French! But still meeting only a more imperturbable silence, she was not to be discouraged—she still enthused; but it was over 'that superb quality of reserve of the Indian!'"

Mamma, I can't tell you half the things they say; I hope they sleep well at night, for they're awake in every fibre all day.

As we came out from breakfast the Captain's orderly met us. He is a fine-looking Indian boy of about seventeen, and in his uniform and with

his manners is quite a gentleman. He may be the son of a chief and a prince in his tribe, and in his secret heart look down upon us all ; but, however he feels, what he said was that the Captain invited us to go upon inspection with him. I was delighted, and Lance said it was always very interesting.

It's so pleasant, mamma, as you go along the walks, to have the Indian boys lift their caps to you. With rare exceptions they all do it, from the little fellows up ; it's like being in a world where everybody belongs to good society, you know. Many of them and of the girls have a pleasant smile and word of greeting as we go by them ; they call me by name, and I am always so sorry not to be able to call them back again ; but, you see, there are so many of them.

On inspection I tried to inspect all that the Captain did ; but, mamma, I should have to practice a good while for that. I did very fairly, however, in going along the halls, first in the large boys' quarters, and then in the little boys', looking into the rooms on either hand, seeing them all in order, a few of the tables full of books and pictures, many of the walls hung with prints and photographs, and some of them adorned with borders which the boys themselves had put up, and the boys standing each at the foot of his bed, his toes turned out, his hands by his sides, and a

shining morning face. All this I could manage to absorb in a degree.

But when it came to the comment to this boy, the word of reference to that one, the question to the other, showing that each boy was individualized, that not only were his name and his tribe down in the school record books, but his school history, his character, and the circumstances of his home life all held in grasp, I could only listen and wonder how accounts could be kept so.

But, after all, it is not so much that the facts get stored away as that all the people get thought about.

Vesta says of the Sunday morning inspection, that people always want to see that their children are all right before they send them off to Sunday School. The chapel bell for this was ringing as we entered the girls' quarters. It was pretty to see the girls ranged two deep all around the assembly room, the older ones next the wall, and in front the little girls, all of them in their long, navy blue cloaks, and with their hats on ready for Sunday School, and after this for church.

Mamma, I feel as if I had only begun, but Lance says that the mail is closing; so, with messages to you all,

Your daughter,

POLLY BLATCHLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS.

THE lights in the great hall shone down upon a scene novel enough to be of interest even to a casual looker-on.

For it was Christmas week, vacation, and the new gymnasium was opened by a Christmas party that the Captain gave to the pupils. The committee of arrangements had been busy enough. Little tables were scattered about the room and covered with games of letters, authors, dominoes, puzzle-maps, and pictures and other games, among them checkers, of which the Indians are very fond. At one end of the broad gallery running around the entire room was the band, all Indian boys who had not found it difficult to replace the distracting din of the tom-tom by the music of fife, bugle and drum.

The evening was opened by a grand march, to the music of which the white people present—and all the garrison was present—promenaded about the hall, watching with satisfaction the older pupils fall into line also.

When the music ceased the teachers went about the tables, encouraging the children to play and showing them how. Some constituted themselves committees to follow up the shy little people in the corners and bring them forward.

Polly Blatchley was delighted. She moved here and there, now with a little Indian girl in each hand—for the children always came about her—now with Lance or some other companion, stopping to exchange comment with others or to listen to expostulations with the bashful boys, who persisted in helping to hold up the wall rather than undergo the inquisitorial torture of asking young ladies if they did not wish the honor of a promenade with them. But the most convincing arguments—to which Polly sometimes ventured to add the weight of her logic—the most exhilarating strains of the band, could not move their silent lips, nor make waver the resolve for solitude in their unresponsive eyes.

"I remember white boys that did no better," laughed Polly; "and they had never been little savages—or, at least, they would not have owned it."

She had been interested in the Christmas dinner, and had gone with other lookers-on from table to table in the great dining-room and seen the turkeys and their accompaniments disappearing under the busy knives and forks of the hundreds

of Indian children. "Do you like turkey?" she had asked one of the little girls, and the child had looked up at her questioner with a roll of her dark eyes that answered for her without the lips, too pleasantly occupied at the moment to allow speech. And the next day, Christmas day, she had listened with delight to the services in the chapel, and the Christmas anthem beautifully sung by the choir—all Indians.

But this party!

The idea of it had excited her, for it was here that she would see what progress the children had made in social life, which she knew was the test of civilization.

When the evening was half over she looked about her at the couples passing and repassing in the broad gallery to which she had gone, and down upon the assembly below. She was remembering that it was only a year and a half before that one hundred of these Indians were savages captured raiding on the plains, starving in their mountain fastnesses, a terror to their neighbors, and a prey to their own wildness. Not merely were they the children of warriors, but some had themselves been warriors, members of Geronimo's band. And now they were tranquil members of society—appreciative, happy. She turned to Clio.

"Wonderful!" she said, softly.

Clio looked at the glowing face, at the moist,

shining eyes. "What it is to be eighteen," she answered, and her own sensitive lips trembled.

"You take it as if it were a part of your own life."

Theodora leaned past her as the three bent over the railing. "It means that we are never to despair of human nature," she said to Polly.

The girl smiled back at her, and her eyes opened wide. She bent her head slowly and in silence.

It was half an hour later that the refreshments came. A part of the feast had been furnished at tea in the dining-hall; it was easier to serve five hundred children there than in the gymnasium, and Polly had seen the barrels of ice-cream in the kitchen; she had even helped to ladle out the great saucerfuls that were carried in to the merry crowd. She knew, too, by the most infallible of tests, that it was delicious cream.

The promenaders came down from the gallery. In a few moments plates of nuts and candies and other good things were being carried about in all directions, not only by the illustrious "ten little Injun boys," but by all of them, and by the children of a larger growth. Polly, talking and laughing with the people about her, exchanging fun with Trix, who that evening was off duty and on pleasure bent, yet found opportunity to watch the couples passing and repassing her, the girls

moving with a sedate enjoyment, the boys with their mixture of diffidence and satisfaction tolerably hidden by Indian immobility.

As one of these couples came toward her, an orange fell from a plate and rolled upon the floor.

The plate was in the hands of an Indian young lady, and a young man walked beside her.

Polly watched them. Where were these people in their real life—in the wilds? There was not a generation between them and the men who made women the toilers and burden-bearers of their tribes, and with whom the least civility toward them would be not only unthought of, but derogatory. What would this young man do?

He picked up the orange and put it again upon his companion's plate. As Polly smiled, delighted, she looked up and saw Jason's eyes fixed upon her in amused comprehension.

"This is your kind of Indian?" she said to him.

"Yes," he answered, coming closer; "we believe in surroundings; we don't underrate atmospheric pressure."

"I think," said Polly, "that it's a good deal like Columbus' egg. Of course, we know that Indians will behave like other human beings if you will only just show us how it's done."

"It's only common sense," said the Captain, who had come up as she was speaking.

"I know," returned Polly; "but it is the kind of common sense that makes me think of what was once said of an artist who was always ready to explain when he was asked the secret of his fine effects: 'He will tell you all he knows, and then he'll beat you'."

In Lance's room that night Polly stood looking out at the stars.

"After all," she said at last, "don't you see, Lance, that there is a use in this eternal round of social obligations that we get so tired of and think so meaningless? Our manners are like our hair, and would be sorry affairs without brushing. And as long as Nature keeps up her perspectives and her sunrise and sunset effects, we shall have to look after social vanishing points (which, for one thing, means to go to bed when our friends are sleepy, Lance), and adorn our little acts with our daintiest touches. Isn't it Emerson who talks about making eating one of the fine arts? I didn't realize before to-night that civilization must go in at one's lips and elbow and finger tips, as well as at one's eyes and ears. Oh! and, Lance, I'm going to try that sunset and perspective theory on papa, and tell him to bear it in mind when I want some new gowns."

CHAPTER V.

A STRAY CAPTIVE.

IT was a superb morning. Lance was too busy to be interrupted, and Polly amused herself by walking back and forth on the long piazza of the quarters.

Looking from one end of this the hills reminded her of a New Hampshire view, although their outlines were not so sharp and the scene between her and the horizon very different. The piazza faced the girls' quarters and the lawn at the upper end of these, beyond which were the other buildings.

At the lower end Polly caught a narrower mountain view which no imagination could make resemble the rugged outlines of the hills she had known. Their curves against the brilliant winter sky were as smooth as the line of beauty; their color, as deep as that of the ocean in the sunshine, explains why the hills that shut in the beautiful Cumberland Valley are called the Blue Mountains.

But there was more than scenery to occupy

Polly, for the usual work was being done and in the usual way, at high pressure, and the coming and going of busy feet gave evidence of it. The school-house was out of sight, so that, although school was in session, nothing of the work there was visible. But the office door was under a part of her promenade, and it was here that the activity converged and from here that it diverged.

In at this door went messengers from the different work-shops. Across from the girls' quarters came Minerva with official reports in her hands, and on her brow the responsibility for the hundreds of Indian girls who looked up to her for motherly care and in whom she felt an absorbing interest. She came across with her papers and sometimes she returned without them, but always with a lighter step, as if conscious that a hand stronger than hers was upholding this burden. Here came Indian boys with proofs from the printing office, and occasionally Trix with her head full of business and her lips of laughter. And here, too, came Indian boys and sometimes Indian girls upon business of their own, which the Captain only could dispose of. Polly often paused in her walk to watch them as they went in and came out.

Then the workers there often came out upon different errands, and sometimes she heard voices, as brief interviews took place on the piazza below.

Yet all the while there was running in her mind a story to which those episodes were only momentary interruptions. It was the foundation out of which had grown the work before her. She stood beyond the utmost circle of this, yet, already, she was beginning to comprehend its sweep and to feel the power of its gravitation.

This was the story as Lance had told it to her : He was a very little fellow, and only an Indian at that, and it was early in 1875, before people had found out how much Indians, when they are well dressed and well trained, come to be like white people. This little fellow was travel-stained, for he had come a long journey ; his very toggery was draggled, and the fur that had once been used as adornment now hung in jagged bits from his matted braids, whilst the solitary feather, that through all the accidents of a toilsome march had clung to his hair, was twisted up-side down and now hung over his shoulder in a way emblematic of his general state of disturbance and suspense.

He could not have been more than eight years old, yet he stood by the roadside motionless, his head up, and watched a party of mounted men as they swept toward him.

Abreast of him the leader stopped. He was a cavalry officer. He was bringing in his Pawnee scouts with whom he had been out looking after the Indian enemy, the Cheyennes, who had been

upon a raid and were now being gathered in as prisoners. It had not cost the Pawnees any effort to pursue the Cheyennes, for the tribes were old and inveterate enemies. The child by the roadside recognized his foes, and although they did not molest him on account of the presence of their leader, he saw the flash of anger and hatred as they turned their eyes upon him.

He looked toward the agency buildings on the horizon behind him, and gathering up what force remained in his spent little body, he was about to start for these at full speed, when he glanced at the officer.

The glance became a steady gaze. The boy's face lighted. He stood his ground.

For the officer was looking down at him from the height of a tall figure on horseback. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five, and there was something about him which made one comprehend that if he had not been in the army he would still have been a leader somewhere, in whatever his work might have been. The boy was no longer afraid of the Pawnees. Involuntarily, he drew closer and examined the spirited animal upon which the officer was seated, looking up every now and then into the face of its rider for another swift smile like the one that had given him confidence.

The officer put a few questions to him in the

sign language, in which not only different northern tribes communicate with one another, but which the white man also learns to use to advantage. But before the answers he had placed the boy; he knew that the child was one of the Cheyennes surrendering to a part of General Miles' command and sent on to the agency from which he had strayed; he was one of the small results of the last month's work. The idea was not agreeable. For, fighting Indians and capturing them, however necessary, was not, in this officer's eyes, heroic business. In their ignorance, their inability to cope with the new scientific methods of warfare, their courage and their helplessness against the force of civilization attacking them, they all seemed to him a good deal like this child standing helpless and forlorn on the prairie. The soldier could appreciate foemen worthy of his steel—he did not object to tugging away at something hard, something that at least seemed stronger than himself. But he believed that physical conquest should be only the prelude of a conquest more decisive, more satisfactory to the white man, less fatal to the red, and much more difficult. The right way had not yet opened out to him; the beginning of this is the finding that something is wrong.

His smile had been for the child; it did not come again as he looked at the captive. All

these months of skirmishing with and chasing the Cheyennes—and here was the result, this little fellow and others like him.

But in a moment he had ceased to see the boy, for the old scenes of this warfare came back to him. Before him seemed to stretch the desolate plains of the Llano Estacado and the wastes of western Texas, with an horizon level as the ocean's, and a surface treeless and dust-covered, its shrubs bare and stunted by winter and drought. These were the plains over which he had lately chased a flying foe, a foe that had escaped only because thirst had overcome the pursuers, for in their eagerness they had swept on for two days beyond the reach of water. Their canteens were almost empty; if the men went on, the whole force was doomed. Already had horses fallen dead from thirst, and the soldiers had only the choice of meeting the same fate or of seeing the dust-cloud vanish from the horizon while they turned back—to let the enemy escape, and the work be done all over again.

There were other scenes also, but too much like these to vary the monotony of conquests that brought no honor to the conquerors, and in which only the losers were the real winners. It was from the recollection of such scenes that the officer came back to the child at his side. And again he asked himself if this were the result of

it all—the capture of troublesome prisoners and of this boy, with hundreds like him?

As he sat looking down at the forlorn little figure, it may have reminded him that his own boy had been this same age not long before.

The exhilaration of swift motion was upon him. And besides this, he had just come in from duty with his Pawnee scouts; against all advice and remonstrance he had risked himself alone with them. They had been faithful to him, as he had been sure they would be; for he had not believed in the inevitable hatred between the white man and the red. He had won not only the victory of his task performed, but of his judgment confirmed, and life thus brought back from risk had lost nothing of its value to him. And, moreover, for him life was free from the responsibility that weights—he had but to do what was marked out for him. Honor won in the battles of the Rebellion, comfort and happiness, were his; he had earned the right to live in them, as he was doing.

Suddenly, his look at the child with a tinge of amusement in its pity, changed. His face lighted, his eagle eyes opened wide and glowed. Yes; here was the result of the forced marches, the wearisome pursuits, the warfare vibrating between absurdity and horror, the capture of this boy, and of many others like him. Was not this enough?

The boy looked up at him in wonder, but it was

a wonder that made him draw nearer. For in that moment the future had risen up before the soldier, not as a prophecy, but as a possibility. It was as if the Sphinx had offered to him the riddle of America, the race problem, and he had seen how to answer it. The labor of it all had not come upon him yet. There had come that insight which is the flash of the sword dividing soul and spirit, dividing the life that lives in itself, however innocently, from that life which has in it the working of creative force, and which explains the meaning of the assertion that man was made in the image of God. Henceforth there was with the soldier the consciousness of the power that works through our lives; there came to him the shadows which accompany high lights, and bring them out. He sent the boy back to the agency.

Riding on slowly, he tried to turn his thoughts from the little captive and his companions. He reminded himself that others had begun the work in their own way, and would carry it on—that the child would certainly be sent to school. For with the soldier there was not yet choice, there was not even acceptance; there was only an overbrooding thought.

It always means a good deal when a man gets hold of an idea. But when an idea gets hold of a man, never since the world began has there been anything but unconditional surrender.

CHAPTER VI.

TWICE CAPTURED.

IT was October, 1879.

Into the Carlisle Barracks, which had seen the soldiers of the Revolution, and where soldiers of the War of the Rebellion had been quartered, there was pouring a new life. Suddenly, it had become one of the theatres of a new war. For another “irrepressible conflict” pressed upon America—the race battle.

In the thick of this battle had come a soldier to Carlisle, and with him men and women in the highest sense soldiers also.

Here, too, was the enemy.

For in the years that had followed the surrender of the Cheyennes events had lent a shaping hand to this soldier’s thought, in the mysterious way which environment has of falling in with character, and making up destiny. It had been still with the Indians that he had had to do. Even at the time that circumstances had so blocked his endeavor that weariness and disgust had seemed about to put an end to it, the way had cleared, and

outward duty reinforced the obligations that his insight had laid upon him.

In this way was welded that indissoluble link between the worker and his work that is seen in every age; in this way the soldier and the Indians found their fate inextricably bound up together. There were the three years with the Indian prisoners at the old fort in St. Augustine, and, after Florida, the aspirations of a few of the young men for the better things of Eastern civilization had led to work at Hampton. And then had come work more distinctively Indian. In this way the old barracks at Carlisle came to be one of the battle-fields of the nineteenth century, a field of the conflict between humanity and savagery. All such battle-grounds, everywhere, are a portion of that great field of Armageddon,

“Where good and evil as for final strife
Meet dim and vast.”

To Carlisle came Indians of all the ages fit to be sent to school, and in all states, from the ignorance and filth of utter savagery to the dawning intelligence that had come from brief contact with what was good in civilization.

And first among them came the pupils sent by Agent Miles.

When the soldier's eyes ran over these ranks

they fastened upon the face of a boy of twelve; he seemed to have seen the child somewhere. The boy recognized immediately the officer, who, four years before, had made him lose fear of his Pawnee foes. And as he looked up he again lost fear of the foes from which more than once he had been ready to flee—his own ignorance and shyness. From that moment he loved Carlisle.

The Captain's face also lighted when he had recalled the boy. The child's presence was to him as if his idea had taken on an enduring substance. He felt a peculiar interest in him. He took note of his abilities, and looked forward to what he might some day do.

After the boy had been at the school some time he went to the Captain one morning.

"Me no name," he began, "no like name. Bull Bearer no good—no good. Me want name like white man; then I be white man some day. Me want name, Captain."

He got it—the Captain's own for his first name, while Dunning, by which he had been called, was pushed forward to a surname.

This little fellow, like all others, became at last a big one. But with time he only learned better and obeyed better.

He was seventeen; his five years at school were over. He was free to go back to the reservation and to the old ways of life there.

"I shall stay here," he decided. "I shall take my reservation out in Pennsylvania." He knew what he should find in Pennsylvania, for every year of his school life at Carlisle, except the first, he had spent a part of the time in some home in Bucks County, and he had made friends among his employers.

But what had brought the story to Polly's mind that morning?

Only the sight of a tall young Indian, erect and manly, with a face upon which lines of honest thought were already traced, and a firm and free bearing. He had come from the boys' quarters and gone in at the office door, and Polly had not been too busy with her musing to watch him as he went in and came out again.

This was Richard Dunning. For some reason he stood in her mind as one of the ideals of the Indian and his future. She wanted to know more about him and what he was going to do.

She had recognized him at once as the young man who, at the Christmas party, had picked up the orange for the girl beside him.

Polly was not without curiosity concerning her. But at this time she had learned only her name.

CHAPTER VII.

POLLY'S RECEPTION.

WHY can't I do it?" asked Polly.

"Oh, you can, by all means. Only, may I be there to see. Invite me, Miss Blatchley, won't you?"

And Theodora leaned back in the hammock swung in the corner of Lance's room and surveyed her questioner with a merry scrutiny, for she was curious as well as amused. If Miss Blatchley should fail, it was no great matter—she was not responsible for anything. But, considering all things, there was an intrepidity in Polly's wish that interested her. If carried out, the worst would only be a stupid evening, and few mortals had reached the years of discretion without a practical knowledge of what this was; even the girl before her must have had the experience, although she could not have been responsible for it, Theodora thought.

"If Lance will let you come," laughed Polly, "I shall be only too happy. Now, Lance," and she turned toward the window where sat her friend, who had made only one remark in the last quarter of an hour; "do stop scribbling for two minutes. Aren't we worth listening to?"

"It's not a question of listening to," retorted the other; "it's listening for. Pretty soon there will be a step on the stair, a knock at the door. I shall have to open it. There, on the threshold, will stand an Indian of the Indians, straight and grimly smiling. He will transfix me with his black eyes, and the single word his lips will utter, 'Copy!' will be enough. It will have the power of a magic spell; it will conjure up to my mind's eye the whole force of printer boys, who are to be trained to industry, standing biting their thumbs in idleness through fault of mine, and echoing 'Copy!'"

"Don't we disturb you, then?" asked Theodora.

"Not at all. I'm only revising and, in certain places, copying. One doesn't like one's inspiration to look hitchy. But I sometimes like to have things going on about me if I don't have to be in them."

"Brains must be fluid," said Polly; "they have to be stirred before thoughts crystallize."

"Some people's are watery enough," ejaculated Lance, with a vicious score on the paper.

"Don't be personal," retorted Polly. "But, Theodora, when can my Indians come?"

"Let me think. They're engaged as deep as you are when you dance." And she looked with a smile at the charming face opposite her as Polly's dimple came out in answer. "There are the study evenings," she went on, "the singing school, the prayer-meeting once a week, the Saturday evenings in the chapel. How many are you going to ask, and whom?"

"Lance says that she shall have to borrow chairs for twelve. I wanted all who would care to come—a reception, you know; to have them come in groups and stay a little while and go, and then others come. Wouldn't they do this?"

Theodora laughed until her listener grew very flushed.

"Won't they come in groups?" she said. "Oh, yes. And stay a little while? Certainly. And others come? With pleasure. And then the first go away? They will if you send them. The art of departure is a step beyond them—I mean, beyond the greater part of them; some understand it. Have a party, Miss Blatchley. Don't begin with a reception."

Polly smiled sagely.

"In spite of Shakespeare, there is a good deal in a name," she said; "and a party seems formidable to me."

"Poll, I didn't know anything seemed that," interpolated Lance.

"Well," admitted Polly, "you know I mean that since I am only staying here it seems better. People have receptions when they pass through a place—great people, that is—and I'm going to play I'm one of them. So, I shall have a reception and invite those who are not better engaged and want to come, and have only a dozen at a time, as Lance said I might."

"Really, Miss Blatchley, I wouldn't," said Theodora, sitting erect in her earnestness.

"Oh, thank you very much," answered Miss Blatchley; "I know your advice is good, but I've done it."

Lance flung down her pen and came forward.
"You've done what?" she cried.

"Just as you said I might, only in a different way. You said I might have an hour and a half, and that is exactly the time I've planned for; and you said I might ask twelve people, and that's all I have asked—at once."

"At once! Good heavens, Polly! What have you done?"

"Why, I couldn't ask some I had talked to since I came and leave the others out, so I have asked them all."

"And how many are there—thirty?"

"Seventy-two."

Lance groaned, and then she began to laugh.

"It's simple enough," said Polly. "You allowed me exactly the right number; there are six instalments of twelve Indians each—a quarter of an hour to every instalment; that gives time for refreshments, a minute for each of us to devote to each Indian, and three minutes apiece of every quarter, nine minutes, for contingencies. I've done with less time." And Polly began to smile, then checked herself.

"Did you ever marshal Indians?"

"N-o; but—but the very spirit of Carlisle is that they are in reality just like other people. I've only fallen in with it."

"And you've done it pretty deep," remarked Lance.

"Minerva and Mentor will settle all this," observed Theodora, serenely.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Polly; "and they've been, as the little boy said, 'so awfully kind, sir.' Let me show you my list. Here is just when each party comes and when it is to go. You see, the greater number of those in it have something to take them home then; that seemed a good way to arrange it. It will be a little batchy for a reception, I know; but, of course, we must make some provision against Indian sense of leisure."

The arrangements went on. The evening came; and so did the Indians.

But before the arrival of the latter, Vesta, who had for the moment forgotten the event, came upon an errand, and was going away again directly.

"I wish you would stay," said Lance.

"Oh, please do," pleaded Polly; and the gray eyes looked into the blue ones with a mixture of merriment and anxiety in their depths. But in a moment her tranquility had returned. "You shall have a chair," she said, "and you need not talk unless you like."

"Thank you," said Vesta, smiling, and seating herself. She was watching Polly with an amused interest.

A knock.

Theodora.

"You are nervous, Miss Blatchley," she said, a few minutes later. "You're thinking what if you should prove a modern Canute—what if the whole seventy-two should come at once?"

"N-o, no," cried the girl; "not at all, not in the least. See," and she laid a steady hand on Theodora's. "The only thing I am afraid of is, that I don't know English enough to talk with the Indians."

Vesta smiled comprehendingly.

"There is one thing about them," she said—"wherever you meet them, wherever you take them, you are never ashamed; they are always

decorous. Many a time they have come in from the prairie and sat down at our table, and have always behaved well. They have even watched how we used our knives and forks, and imitated us."

The first arrival was a girl of eighteen, a Sisseton Sioux. Polly had always liked to watch her as, at the close of the evenings in the chapel, she walked across from her place in the choir and put herself at the head of the little girls and led them out to the music of the march, the others following in gradation up to the oldest. She was so straight, so lithe, so graceful. The little ones always went toward her with an alacrity that looked to Polly like affection, and she believed this more readily because she so often saw them elsewhere clinging to their leader and looking up into her face to catch the smiles that welcomed them. She came in now with a shy little girl in each hand and another following, their dark faces and black hair bringing out still more decidedly the fair skin and blue eyes of Bessie Ridgeway.

Next came an Oneida, dark and brilliant looking, ready in smile, fluent in speech, unmistakably Indian. She also knew how to attend to the children well at what she felt were the proper times; but now she was talking and laughing with one of the former pupils at Carlisle upon a visit. With a good grace he was lending the honor of

his presence to Polly's reception, although he secretly felt it rather youthful for his dignity, since he had been about so much among famous people, and had not only been talked to but listened to, by them. There was not a drop of white blood in his veins, neither was there anything of that reticence supposed to be characteristic of the Indian. He was alert, self-conscious, and unquestionably talented, devoted to the interests of his race, without forgetting their representative. There was something of the Yankee and something of the politician about him, and altogether, he belonged to a class not to be limited by race characteristics. He had fine traits, and his history read like a romance, and his future had in it the possibility of help to his race.

The boy who followed these two was a tall fellow, of a somewhat stout build, capable of talking when needful, but with a slowness in his words, except when warmed by his subject, which showed a certain diffidence, and perhaps, more than this, a reticence in turning his thoughts into words. But his faculty, for he had one, ran from his brain to his fingers, instead of to his lips. This was Philip White Hawk. Polly greeted him cordially. A few moments later she went to him.

"There are some photographs on that table which I think you would like to look at," she said. "There are some of the most beautiful buildings

in the world among them. I know you like buildings. I will tell you what I know about them when I can." But as she smiled at him and pointed out the pictures, she did not dream that she was to help him forward in the path in which he had already put a slow but unwavering foot.

Two girls followed. One of them would have passed anywhere as a dark-eyed beauty, without it being suspected that she owed the richness of her coloring to the dash of Indian red in her veins. It was not so with her companion, who had no claim to beauty, except to that beauty of character which at times glorified her eyes and gave exceeding sweetness to her smile. A little shyness seemed natural to her, but any call of duty or earnestness of feeling conquered it, and when the struggle was apparent it gave her a charm that was almost fascination. Polly clasped her hand warmly, and Vesta, calling her forward, began to talk with her.

The last arrivals in the detachment were Richard Dunning and a young man, handsome, of good presence and courteous manners. With his greeting he delivered an apology sent by one of his mates, who could not come. Directly afterward he took the two plates from Theodora's hands to pass to the guests.

Instantly Canaqua, the Oneida's companion, asked to be of service, and in a moment Polly felt,

as she afterward put it, quite in society. A smile of satisfaction lighted Vesta's eyes. "Of course," she said. "What do people expect?"

When these visitors had gone, Dolores' face suddenly appeared in the doorway and vanished again; but not before Polly had caught, "Don't crow until you're out of the woods. Love's labor hasn't been quite lost, on that set, especially, since you can reckon up both the love and the labor by years. But that's not the Apache style; don't flatter yourself."

Yet it was an hour after this before Polly found herself insinuating to a group of her visitors that she was sorry she had not room for all at once, and having perceived this was not understood, adding a "Good-night," as emphatic as it was courteous.

On the threshold, where she had gradually escorted this group, she added the hope that the visitors would come to see her another time.

A little round-faced boy, whom she had frequently seen in the office, turned about at this and looked at her, his eyes twinkling as he waited a moment for the better bestowal of his nut-meats between his teeth.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered emphatically, and trotted off, followed by the laughter of his companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT CLOSE RANGE.

POLLY sat in one of the school-rooms and turned her gaze from the Indian pupils to their teacher, who at the moment was trying her gentle best to release herself from the tenacity of a book agent. But it was in vain that she attempted to go back to her work; the book fiend pursued her until, mindful of the old equation between time and money, she spent the latter to save the first.

Polly's dimple had deepened as she watched. But her eyes were fixed earnestly upon the Indian faces before her as Clare turned back to her class in sentence-building.

"‘She decided too hastily,’” read the teacher, taking the sentence next in order in the book.

But a laugh from the whole room greeted her, for it was plain enough to them that it was Clare herself who had decided too hastily.

Several boys were at the board drawing the

mechanical apparatus that they were studying in their Natural Philosophy. One of them, whom Polly had seen watching the interview, became suddenly absorbed in his work, which, however, he was carefully covering. But soon he moved aside, glancing at her as he did so.

There on the board was the book fiend, with brandished arm, and opposite him the perturbed profile of Clare.

Polly bit her lips hard, and shook her head slightly. The boy's eyes shone, but his Indian face did not lose its immobility. A few minutes later, as she passed the blackboard on her way to another room, his only work was an illustration of the wheel and axle, and he was busily drawing it.

"I didn't know that you liked to draw people as well as houses, Philip," she said.

Philip White Hawk smiled.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "But I like houses best." And he added another touch to the shading of his wheel.

"You would like to learn to draw houses and plans of houses?" she questioned.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

"And you mean to?" she went on, noticing the determination in his tones.

"The Captain likes to have us hold on to things we want to do; he says it's the way to get on," returned Philip, and stopped abruptly, as if he

had been betrayed into saying more than he had intended.

Polly walked on, smiling, her head a little higher. She had just received a hint how the Indian question was being settled here. If a boy wanted to be an architect, what difference did the color of his skin make? Individual power, individual ambition, individual opportunity—these were what counted at Carlisle.

In the next room Polly noticed a girl of about eighteen with too much pallor in her dark skin for health. When she raised her eyes there was a dreamy look in them, and the smile that answered Polly's greeting had a pathos in it which made the visitor inquire her history. But nothing sad about that was known.

"She was not at the Christmas party," said Polly, "or I should certainly have noticed her."

"No," said Cecilia, who came up then; "she was not at the party, poor girl! she was in the hospital. She has been wanting very much to come to school again, but this is the first day that the doctor would allow her to come. She is one of the 'new Apaches,' as we call them, a Chiricahua from the San Carlos Agency; she came up from Florida, from Fort Marion."

Polly asked her name.

"Sibyl Koba," said Clio.

"Sibyl?" echoed Polly; "it suits her. Her

eyes seem to be looking into the future. She is not like the others; is it her health? There seems to be something unsubstantial about her. She is like one of the ideal Indian maidens."

"Like one of Fenimore Cooper's Indians?" laughed Cecilia.

"N-o," said Polly; "like some of the maidens of the Indian legends. Where is the lover?"

"He is provided, perhaps too prosaically, since you can't find any tragedy in it. The lover is the husband. Sibyl came here married, and Gail is at school with her. There he is." And she pointed out a young man of twenty, whose eyes Polly had noticed turning upon Sibyl as she spoke.

"There is something ideal about the girl," said Cecilia. "Through the whole season of flowers she will come to school adorned with them. It's not for show, but she seems to have a passion for them. She knows where they grow, from the earliest violets to the latest autumn blooms, and I have seen her come across from the woods with her arms full of fragrant boughs. She is quick at her lessons; but there always seems to be something about her beyond her power to say or ours to comprehend."

"Is Sibyl a princess?" asked Polly.

"I don't know," said Clio; "she is a lady."

It was in the school-room that Polly received an invitation that she triumphed over to Lance.

"I'm asked to the meeting of the Debating Society this evening," she said.

"Which society?"

"Are there two?"

"Oh, yes; one grew too large, and divided; and now the question is which is to turn out the better debaters. They are both wholesomely jealous of the P. I. Society."

"'Wholesomely jealous,' Lance—that is a phrase of your own. What is the P. I. Society?"

"A club of the older girls; and their last entertainment—it was just before you came, Polly—was the best that had been given by any club in the school. The boys are determined to beat it."

"Now you've justified your 'wholesomely jealous'." Lance laughed. "Are you going this evening?" added Polly.

"I am not invited."

The girl looked disappointed. "I happened to be with Clio, you know," she said. "And then it was Richard Dunning who invited me. Richard and I are good friends."

"You seem to have a number of good friends here."

"Why not?" smiled her guest. "Did I tell you," she went on, "that last evening, as I went into the girls' quarters to see Minerva, Richard Dunning stood in the hall? She was speaking to him, and then an Indian girl came down-stairs and

joined them. The girl and Dunning went into the parlor. Minerva told me it was reception evening, when the boys came to see their sisters, or it may be, as somebody said, some other fellows' sisters. Is this one of the social customs of Carlisle?"

Lance looked up earnestly. "One of the most important," she said. "The young men who come to visit must first get permission from the Captain, and the young ladies who receive them receive exactly as you do in your own father's house. Is there any wiser way to teach savages the social customs of a Christian country, and the respect due to women?"

"Um!" said Polly, meditatively, "that's where picking up the orange came from, is it? And by the way, it was the girl for whom he had picked it up that Richard came to see." She was silent a few moments, then she said, laughingly: "It is an advance on the social customs of our native tribes, where the gentleman who would 'a-wooing go' takes his stand, or rather his seat, outside the tepee, and sends his ponies to the father until his price is paid for the daughters of the family; then they open the door to him."

"Where did you read that, Polly?"

"Oh, in one of the Commissioner's reports that you have about here; or it may be it was in a 'Congressional Record'; there is almost every-

thing in the way of wit and wisdom in them. I notice you seem to expect to get a great deal out, so I suppose so. Papa takes them, too, and he quotes the speeches to me sometimes, and then I quote the poetry back to him."

"As to the Indians," Lance returned, "we only treat them like other young ladies and gentlemen, which is the surest way to make them so. Poor Faith Red Heart, when she went back to the reservation, felt the horror of the old life."

"What about Faith?" cried Polly.

"It's too long a story to tell you now."

Polly sat thinking a while; then she said: "Lance, this place ought not to be called a school merely, or else the meaning of school ought to be broadened out to take in a great deal more than it does now."

"Ah, but it is also Carlisle Barracks," returned Lance. "And when you're in the army, and under orders, you're expected to do the things you're told to do, whether you know how or not. You have to find out as you go along. And the marvelous interest of human nature, Polly, is that it is made so that you do it; you find that you can. Then, when you have done it, it's appreciated, whether you ever hear of it or not. The Indians are expected to be like other people, and they turn out so."

"Skin deep?" asked Polly.

"Even if that were all," returned her friend, "it would be like the young lady who, to the statement that beauty was only skin deep, said that it would still be of use so long as people wore their skins. We Anglo-Saxons, you know, have been a thousand years getting the savage out of us, and there are occasions now when it doesn't seem as if we had succeeded well. But wait, Polly, before you decide as to the depth of the influence."

Polly sat thinking, with her eyes on the sky seen through the window, and Lance watched her with a smile, remembering at the moment, not the Indians, but a little incident of that same evening before, when she herself had been standing beside the office door speaking with Jason, and Polly had left them and walked across the lawn to the opposite quarters. Jason's eyes had followed her, and then turned to Lance, with the appreciative smile still in them. "Your friend reminds us of the poet Burns's version of the creation," he said, "as to nature's method :

"'Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!'"

"There's a letter for you on the table, Polly," she said.

Shortly afterward the girl looked up, at the

end of six pages that she had been diligently reading.

"He calls this a line," she laughed, "and says he sends me one of the new books to amuse me if I should be dull here. Do mail him a 'Red Man' and the 'Helper' with an account of some of our interests, and mark the place where the little 'New Apache' talks about 'the rush of our school toward civilization'."

"But who is 'he'?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? 'He' is Mr. Hathway. But, Lance, to this day I want to call him the little boy from Providence; the name just fits him. I called him so when we were children because he lived there, but I hadn't heard the story then."

"What is the story?"

"It's of a little fellow for whom everybody did everything, and who got all sorts of favors and took them all as a matter of course, because that was the way people always treated him for being 'the little boy from Providence.' Mr. Hathway insists upon it that I saved his life once. But then I don't know that eternal gratitude is not nearly as bad as eternal ingratitude."

"Worse," responded Lance, promptly, with a keen look.

"But, then," pursued Polly, "one does have to be polite."

"Of course."

"And then," smiling a little as she gazed back, "he is rather amusing—not very, but rather. Only I can't have him monopolizing time from the Indians."

Lance turned her back suddenly and took up a book.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THEY MANAGE INDIANS AT CARLISLE.

THAT evening, in Dolores' school-room, Clio and Polly listened to a debate by the Indian Society. This was the preparation; the discussion was to be given sometime in the chapel. The especial brightness in Polly's eyes and the added curve of her lips may have come from the recollection of a certain rehearsal of her own, years before, when the entertainment was to be for the benefit of children at this very school. But she was too interested in listening to the present debate to have thought for the merits or the faults of her own half-remembered drama. It only occurred to her that these were not the barracks which her officers had talked about being "no gayer than a dungeon," and then she was busy again in hearing the arguments for and against railroads through the Indian reservations.

Nothing pleased and amused her more than the manners of the Indians in their debate. If the "Mr. President" to whom they appealed so defer-

entially and so emphatically had been the President of the Senate, they could not have argued more earnestly; and if their limited audience had been the law-makers of the Nation, the speakers could not have striven more eagerly for their support. Their eloquence was real, although their English sometimes halted slightly; and they had caught the true spirit of plunging into the sea of a language; holding up their heads and striking out even if they did not always come up exactly where they intended. Yet here they usually kept their bearings.

The affirmatives argued that the railroads would be a benefit and a profit, and that the Indian's rejection of the right of way was no reason why we should not have it. He must get out of the prison and live among white people. Government ought to poke him (Indian) out; it should run the steam-engine through his country; he should be required to support himself by labor.

Another speaker argued that at present things in the stores cost twice as much as if there were railroad transportation, and that, North, South, East and West, the Indian had been cheated. "A gentleman may think we have nothing to transport," he said; "but have the railroads, and the Indians will raise something to transport."

The negative declared that instead of abolishing the Indian question by having railroads, the

Crows, Cheyennes, and the other tribes would only get up their war dances. The Indians should first have their lands in severalty.

To this there came the spirited reply that if the Indians "kicked" at first, they might kick, that they might take up arms and sing their last war songs; but that, whatever might happen, the railroads were their best friends.

Richard Dunning declared that through his reservation he would have, not a railroad, but the railroads.

Polly, her chin posed in her hand, sat considering that when the Indians came to voting upon the question of opening their reservations by railroad, or in any other way, the Carlisle boys, with this training in American views, would be of service.

But the negative side also upheld its views with spirit. A Comanche declared that now, when the Indians were almost ready for farming, it would be troublesome and discouraging to run over their wigwams and start them on the war-path. He declared that the Indians were doing splendidly without railroads, although in the same breath he affirmed that they were ashamed to work. A Nez Percé asserted that railroads did not mean Christianity, that those waiting to build them considered nothing about the Christianity of it, but wanted to enrich themselves. Polly looked earn-

estly at the speakers and at the listeners; she was anxious to find out if they could detect the fallacy in this specious statement—if they had reached the point of seeing that two opposite truths do not always neutralize each other. The civilization of the ancients, with their magnificent buildings and their colossal statues, had, the Indian asserted, needed no railroads.

After the debate was over, one of the arguers on the negative came up to Polly.

"Do you really think the railroad is the dreadful source of all the Indian's troubles, and that he would rather die than see it destroy his wigwam?" she asked. He had argued so vehemently.

The young man returned her questioning look by a steady gaze. "Didn't I just say so?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Polly; "but"—

At the moment she caught a look of amusement on his face.

"When I take the side of 'no' I find good reason for 'no,'" he said.

Polly laughed. "And it's the same thing with all the others?"

"I don't know about the others. They know about themselves. You ask them."

But a number of speakers had already gone, and she could not make out whether the want of comprehension of her question which those

remaining showed was real or due to Indian caution. They laughed, however, and liked to talk with her, and promised to invite her another evening. She remembered Theodora's story of the little Indian whom she was drilling for exhibition. "When I go up to say it, I make believe I forget," he assured her. He had yielded to her command to do no such thing; but the love for dramatic effect had remained as strong as ever. That evening Polly caught this more than she had done before. She believed that, personally, the debaters had views of the rostrum and political effects as a theatre for their powers.

It was the next week that the following letter was mailed:

CARLISLE BARRACKS, FEB. —, 188—.

DEAR MRS. ASCOTT:

I am delighted to send the photographs you ask me for, and hope that you will like my choice. I picked them out yesterday, and while I was doing it something interesting happened. When I went to Leigh about them she put a great pile upon a desk in the outer office for me to look over and choose from.

Now, I have never been into the office to stay, except while waiting for the mail. Lance belongs here; but when she vanishes I never follow, for,

as she says, the offices are the Corliss engine, and only people who have to do with the machinery have any place there. But to poor human nature this means that I wanted to go all the more.

Yesterday morning, however, I wasn't even thinking of it; I was thinking of you, when the Captain came through the room and went into Leigh's office. He sat down at the desk opposite Leigh and spoke to Lance, who turned about from the type-writer to listen. He was telling her about an article for *The Red Man*, dictating the heads for her to take down, when there was a knock at the outer office door, and a Sioux boy came in. He was about sixteen years of age, short and squarely built. He held his cap in his hand, and stood with his head a little bent except when he lifted it to speak. His dark skin and black hair seemed to add to the impression of Indian caution about him. But there was an intelligence that promised to make it worth while to listen to his broken English.

"What is it, Wallace?" said the Captain, seeing that the boy turned to him instead of to Leigh. The boys call her "money-mother"; they have a great deal of business with her; she keeps their accounts with them. Lance sat, her pencil poised over her note-book, and watched the boy.

Wallace announced that he wanted to go back

to his reservation for a visit. It was a gloomy morning, exactly the kind of day when, if there were any homesickness in one, it would come to the surface.

The Captain asked him whom he had there to see ; his father was not living, was he ?

No ; but he had his mother, his brother, and a sister. And his uncle, who had sent him to school, was most anxious to have him come back. And, then, Wallace didn't like the shoemaker's trade, at which he was working. "Sit too much," he said ; "sit all the time." He did not mention that he went to school half the day, but I suppose that was understood.

"Wallace," said the Captain, "you know what these old Indians will say to you if you go back there. You understand them well enough; you know how they will try to keep you. Your uncle has sent for you, has he ? Will you come back to school again ?"

"Yes ; I come back again," answered Wallace, with a broad smile. And then he added that he had been promised to be allowed to go home.

"There was some such promise made to you, I think," replied the Captain, and he turned to Leigh, who confirmed this. "I will let you go, as you were told you might," he said, "if you will promise to come back to school. You know you have not finished your time here." Then he sat

looking at the boy. "How much money have you, Wallace?" he asked.

"One hundred and eighteen dollars," said Wallace, smiling all over his face.

"Ah, that's good. Why, you're quite a young man of property—quite rich, Wallace," laughed the Captain. "Now, if you stay here until the end of the school year in June, the Government will pay your expenses home. Or, if you like, you may go upon a farm this winter; but if you do go, you must keep your bargain; you must stay there a year, and not trouble people to change." And he named a farmer who wanted to hire the boy. "Now I have told you," he repeated, "that you may go home for a visit, as you have been promised; but, you know, you will have to go at your own expense; the Government doesn't furnish money for you to visit your friends. Can you go, and come back at the end of a month?"

"If I pay, I don't come back," returned the Indian. Wasn't that like a Yankee?

"Oh, you don't come back?" said the Captain. He talked to the boy throughout the interview in such a business way, and always so quietly, but he made him understand everything. "There are three things to choose from, Wallace," he said again: "Stay here until the end of June and go home with the other pupils at Government expense; go out upon a farm for a year; or you

may go home at your own expense at once and come back here again."

Wallace stood a moment, his head down.

"How much it cost me to go home?" he asked.

"I *think* I could get you a round trip ticket for fifty dollars, though it may be more. That will be half a year's wages."

This shot told. Wallace stood considering; for Carlisle is an industrial school, not only because the pupils work, but because they are taught that industry means money to themselves, and are taught how to take care of their money. He repeated the promise of being allowed to go home. He was assured that it should be kept in the only way it could be. There was a little more said to him to the same effect and straight to the point, a little more consideration on Wallace's part, and the boy announced:

"I stay here in this school till June." Then his dark face brightened with a smile that showed the gleam of his white teeth. He lifted his head and looked into the Captain's face. "You beat me," he said.

The Captain laughed; so did Leigh and Lance; so did I, under my breath. And then the conquered marched off with a laugh which his conqueror echoed. It was Arithmetic that floored that Indian. If subtraction will do so much for

them, what may not be expected of them when they have mastered Euclid?

"It was only common sense and logic," Leigh said to me afterward.

And this is the way they manage Indians down at Carlisle—just as other people are managed—oh, no, I mean just as other people ought to be managed.

Affectionately yours,

POLLY BLATCHLEY.

CHAPTER X.

PERSPECTIVES.

POLLY sat with her novel unread in her hand; not that it was uninteresting, but that she was struggling with a problem which absorbed her. Several letters were lying in her lap, for it seemed as if that morning everybody had remembered her. Had it made her homesick? She shook her head at the idea. Yet she felt restless. At nine years of age she had described this feeling to her father as something that kept wanting to go, that ran along her arm, and that she could feel crinkle.

She leaned back in her chair and gathered up her letters. These had brought home and the people there vividly before her. For instance, here was Fred's note:

"Poll, dear, æsthetic, or philanthropic, or whatever Poll you please, do come home and stir us up a little. It has an awfully cleared-away look whenever I go in to mother's nowadays. She told me yesterday that she hadn't had a new sensation

for a month, and she was getting a rusty old lady. Are you really going to stay down there forever? It looks suspicious to me. I believe on my soul you're turning politician and want to get a Government office. I'll stand reference for you; I'll say—well, never mind; just wait and see. I'll be sure to say something effective."

There was a letter from Lilian, now Mrs. Corral, telling how absolutely irresistible "baby" was with his new tooth, and how Polly would find it worth her while to come home if only to get a glimpse of him, and that he was growing every day to look more like "papa."

There were notes and letters from her school-mates filled with the fascinations of Vassar. Polly sighed a little; she had been very proud of her class.

And there was a letter from Tony running over with vivid descriptions of the gayeties of the season, and in the same breath declaring that everything was unutterably dull.

As she finished this letter, Polly's smile, in its amusement, its tinge of that superiority which comes from being aware that one is getting more than one gives, was a study. But there was no one to see it. Lance was in the office, and Polly sitting in her room alone. It was not her letters, however, that made her restless. They brought before her the contrast between her own life and

this one; they reminded her not only of the people that she had left behind her, but of the city pleasures which she by no means despised. But she realized that here she was finding an interest greater than her amusements and a knowledge deeper than any school curriculum could give or college honors could make up for the want of. And then she had not lost her school—she had only to wait.

Was it her father's letter that she had just been reading for the second time—that letter that so well comprehended her enthusiasms and so well answered them—which had set her studying out what was lacking to her here. Or was it possible that Fred's note had suggested in its railery the very thing she wanted?

For this same force which, when a child, she had felt “crinkle down her arm” was still making its importunate demands upon her.

All her life she had been active; at school she had not only learned her own lessons, but often helped her schoolmates by a bright explanation of some point that puzzled them, or by an original suggestion that had clinched an unsteady fact in the minds of her listeners. She had helped her comrades out of their little difficulties, and had not only been ready always to propose new occupations and amusements, but had been able to carry out her conceptions with vigor and success.

Her own family were not too much her seniors to benefit at times by her suggestions. For her domination was not domineering, but leadership; because of Polly no one ever felt smaller, but stronger.

It had not taken her long to discover that in this place there were no loose ends waiting for her skill in weaving, and to perceive that here was a leadership greater than its opportunities, a force ever broadening its achievements. She would have felt delight in following such a leader, but on what line could she do it? As to Fred's suggestion, one objection alone would answer any seriousness that it might have to her, for if she could not go to Vassar to study, she could not come to Carlisle to work. But to come here in any way, to see, to admire, to go away, and to do nothing—this was hard.

Her brows knit, and a troubled look came into her eyes.

"I want to get into the midst of things," she exclaimed, speaking aloud as she sat there alone. And then the dark gray eyes grew resolute. "I want to do something, too, and I will," she said, more firmly—"I will. But how? That's the only question." The lips closed in response to a sudden brightness in the eyes; then they unbent, and she sat smiling. "No, not in Fred's way," she said, "but in my own;

“‘Patience et longueur de temps
Font plus que force ni que rage’.”

And she was still smiling at her own thoughts when Lance came in.

“I was just thinking,” she said, looking at her friend, “of that Navajo boy you told me about who, one evening at an exhibition, after he had gone upon the stage, forgot his speech. But he had not been at the Carlisle School to stand on the rostrum and make a failure of himself; he would do something. And he did; he began to sing in Navajo. Nobody knew that it wasn’t just the thing upon the programme, and it turned out excellently. Do you want to know what made me think of it now?”

“Yes.”

“I am somewhat like that Navajo.”

“What do you mean?”

But Polly did not explain. After a few moments she added, “I’ve had a letter from Alice Blake this morning, Lance.”

“Who is she?” asked Lance.

“Why, you remember, she was one of the children mamma took for a fortnight one summer years ago. The Fresh Air Fund sent her out into the country; she came with her younger sister. Poor little wretches! they had been used only to begging, and to being knocked down as a

variation from being beaten. It seemed a shame to send them back to such a life. One of the storekeepers in Norham took Alice in as a cash-girl, and mamma got a good boarding-place for her. The little one, Nelly, was taken for a trifle by a woman mamma knew, who soon grew so fond of her that she wouldn't part with her upon any terms. She was a very pretty child, and she is growing up handsome. She is a student, too. She may do well for herself some day. Alice is sensible and bright in a different way. She writes me this morning that she has just become engaged to a plumber—a young man who already has a good business, she says, with an eye to the practical; but she adds that people think him handsome, so perhaps another motive has swayed her enough to exonerate her from the charge of being mercenary. It's well we've kept up a correspondence," pursued Polly, "because—you know how it is with plumbers, they make money hand over hand. Alice will be one of the aristocracy some day, and I shall be *so* glad to have always known her!"

Lance laughed, and Polly's dimple deepened bewitchingly.

After school that night Philip White Hawk came to Polly, to be told the history of some of the buildings that he had seen among her photographs. Lance, listening, perceived that history

was mingling largely with descriptions of architecture, and that the very stones of the buildings seemed to speak of the struggles and triumphs of the race that had laid them. Philip's questions were so eager and so pointed that Polly talked the better. He said little, but sat attentive, with glistening eyes. Lance looked at him when Polly ended with—

“You see how all races have come up from savagery to skill and power; and in these days, when we travel by steam and talk by electricity, the distance counts for very little.”

Philip stood up suddenly. He threw back his head, and for a moment said nothing, but Lance, who was used to his face, saw delight in it. Then he thanked Polly and went away.

“You've made one fellow happy, if that's any satisfaction to you,” she remarked, as the door closed behind him.

“In a very simple way, certainly,” the girl answered. “I've amused myself, too. That boy has something in him.”

“That's the opinion here about him.”

“Oh, I'm not announcing a discovery, except to myself. What is going to be done with him, Lance?”

“I don't know. Something.”

Polly meditated. Lance watched her with curiosity, but learned nothing, although she fancied

that there had been a meaning in the girl's sudden smile.

Polly sat by the window waiting for Lance. She was in no haste; there was interest enough in watching the groups constantly going and coming on the walks, the children playing in the snow, the older girls moving more demurely but with bright faces, the older boys going about their business or their amusement (for working hours were over), the little ones snowballing each other or enjoying themselves in some of the many ways dear to the heart of childhood. Polly wondered, as she had often done before, where the Indian fierceness was; for she had never watched groups of white boys playing for anything like the length of time that she had watched these children of savages without seeing in the first some exhibition of anger drawn out by violence or petty tyranny, and often there had been downright fighting. Here she neither heard nor saw any quarreling. At first she supposed that she had merely missed the evidence of it. But the weeks had gone by, and she had still seen only happy play, still heard, not angry voices, but peals of laughter. "Is it possible that the Indian children are not yet civilized enough to quarrel like little heathen?" she asked one day. "They seldom do," Minerva had answered. "The Apaches, to be sure, were somewhat quarrelsome on their arrival, but they soon

subsided. And the worst case among them was that of two girls who came here married to the same man." "That situation might have had its annoyances even if they had not been Indians," Polly had said. That afternoon there seemed to be an unusual amount of frolic going on, and the watcher moved away from her window reluctantly in answer to Lance's call. As she did so she caught sight of an Indian woman coming across the lawn; by her side, clinging fast to her hand, was the prettiest little fellow of about two years of age.

"What a handsome child, Lance!" she cried; "he grows more interesting every day. You say he is full Indian?"

"His father and mother are both full-blood Indians."

That evening Polly spent at the Captain's with Trix and Lance. When they had risen to take leave, she stood beside the open fire on the hearth.

"Thank you very much," she said, looking up at her host, as he stood opposite. He had been telling her of life and experiences among the Indians. As she stood there with shining eyes and a face full of enthusiasm, Vesta and Lance watched her with approval, and the Captain's smile as he looked down at her had in it that frank satisfaction which youth and beauty inspire in beholding.

ers. And besides, he liked her interest, and the pertinence of her questions and remarks. "How fond you must be of it all!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

He smiled. "It's not all as it seems to you," he said. "There's a great deal of detail that is wearisome; it's business, you know."

Polly flushed a little, looked at him still, and bent slightly nearer.

"Yes," she said, deliberately; "you have had so much of it that I suppose it must be just business now." And the gray eyes brightened to their keenest glance, while the dimple deepened in her otherwise grave face.

The Captain gave a short laugh, and then turned to Trix with some remark. Polly's eyes, softened to a smile, turned and rested upon Vesta.

"I hope you will come again very soon," remarked the latter, as she followed the girl into the hall.

"Thank you," answered Polly; "I will."

She lay a long time in Lance's hammock thinking over what she had heard that evening. Yet when, a few days later, her knowledge shaped itself into words, it was not wholly upon the account given then that she depended; she had learned from others facts and scenes which had in them too much that was personal to have been given directly to a stranger.

Still, it was that evening which had given Polly the fullest answer to her questions, more than once repeated, "Who is Capea? What did he do?"

This was the way in which she put the impressions she had received.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPEA OSANDIAH.

OUT from the autumn woods and along the bank of the Washita, now skirting clumps of trees, now concealed behind the trunk of one, and constantly watching a figure in advance, moved an Indian. He was very young for the look of hatred and the set purpose in his face as he kept his eyes upon his foe. It was this foe who had shot down, like one of his own cattle, an Indian who had crossed the line of his reservation into pasturage that the settlers claimed as their own.

This deed, however, had never seemed to him of any account; and then, since that day a year had gone by, so that now the man riding along the bank of the Washita was for the time being as unmindful of danger as if he had been on the shores of the Atlantic.

But he to whom it belonged to avenge the murder had heard of this man's coming, had followed the trail for days, had been for hours within sight

of him, and now was each moment getting nearer his purpose. He was not yet eighteen; but whenever his eyes fixed themselves on the white man before him, his grasp tightened upon the gun that his uncle, this white man's victim, had taught him his own skill in using.

The afternoon shadows were fast lengthening; the sun, touching the horizon, was behind them. Here, among the trees, the twilight would come early; the pursuer had none too much time.

A few more rods the man rode slowly on, a few more rods the Indian followed with a stealthy quickening of his pace; and then a sudden war-whoop set the very leaves shivering.

The man on horseback turned to face the appalling sound. But he had not by this movement fairly fronted his foe when a ball pierced his temples. Capea Osandiah rushed forward. The rider had fallen to the ground; one foot was held by the saddle, the other was still in the stirrup, while the next moment the plunging horse would have dragged his burden until he had freed himself if Capea had not caught him by the bridle.

He allowed the man to drop upon the ground, and made the horse fast to a tree; then, going back, stood gazing into the face of his foe.

So, thousands of years ago, the avenger of blood might have set out from the camp of the Israelites and have pursued and slain the slayer. Capea

had obeyed a law as old as human nature—a law founded upon the right of human beings to defend themselves when outside protection fails them. Before this law of revenge can be overswept by the law of love, there must be a change of proportions in the elements of the soul—such a change as chemistry announces as certain in matter, and that human life has shown to be possible in spirit. But even all chemical changes depend upon outside circumstances, and are different in heat and in cold. With Capea's race the quickening warmth had been wanting. His gods were gods of vengeance; his life beyond his tribe was a struggle against wrong. Physical wealth, intellectual life, moral growth, filled the land, but it was the land that stretched beyond his reservation; within this, time had stood still. For progress they had tradition; for hope, the hope of vengeance. Capea knew no more; his horizon had never broadened. This was the Indian who stood looking down upon the face of the foe whom he had slain.

His breath quickened, and the fire in his eyes kindled a fierce light in his face. In him the power of brute force had risen to its height; he was tasting the triumph of revenge. It was almost two years since, going one day to his traps, he had encountered a large bear. He recalled now the deadly struggle with this creature, and how the hunters of his tribe, when they saw the beast

killed by Capea alone, had praised his prowess and predicted great things of the manhood of a youth so courageous. But here was a different triumph, one as much greater as the power of evil toward his race was greater in this man than it had been in the animal. For it was this feeling with Capea rather than that he had slain a personal enemy. Patriotism in him was stronger than vindictiveness; the soldier in him lay deeper than the avenger. But his exultation, if more noble, was not the less fierce. He stood immovable, watching the glazing eyes that would have no more looks of hatred, the silent lips that would no more move in scorn, the stiffening fingers that henceforth would pull no trigger upon the red man.

And, as he watched, the fire of resolve burned in his eyes. This was the beginning. The end lay with the Great Spirit who was arming him to defend his race. As to his own life, it should be no more to Capea than an Indian's life was to any white man whom he might meet. It was his race, his tribe, whose life he would hold high, that from this day he would fight for.

The glare of camp fires shone on swarthy faces and figures in which the grotesque and the picturesque were strangely mingled. Sitting about the fires were the old chiefs and the principal men; behind these the braves, the young men, were sit-

ting or standing, but all in attitudes of attention; women and young girls were grouped on the outskirts of the crowd; while the children, darting in and out from the background of darkness, made more intense by the flickering flames, were held from their play as they came within reach of the voice that their elders were listening to, and that by its quality commanded their silence.

Capea Osandiah was already a brave; he was now more, he was a leader, and in his words there rang a new hope—the hope of a national victory, the hope of a new security, of a new respect won by battle. In his youth and his courage he had inspired them with his own zeal. They listened to him in spite of his lack of years, for was there not now at his belt the proof that his prowess had made way for his words? He had told his audience the history of his following up his man through days of danger, of his nights of watching, and of his final success. At first the white man had been in company with others, and then, in some disagreement with an Indian whom they had met, the Indian had been shot at and wounded. He had probably used his own weapon also; Capea did not know the circumstances, he knew only that war had begun, and that he was to carry it on.

“They shoot at us always because they fear us,” announced Capea; “and there is need of

fear." But what is one man, Indian or white? It is little for brave men like us to hate one man; we must hate the race. We lose our nation when we fear the white man. We must fight, we must never rest until we are free. If this is to be only in the happy hunting grounds, of what are we afraid? Where is the Indian that does not know how to die? But we will fight; we will not wait for the white man to come to destroy us; we will kill them until we leave few and they will stay in their own land for fear of us, and so we shall be free. Shall we stay here like squaws until we are destroyed? Shall we not be the destroyers? Shall we lose our home, our nation? Shall we be driven hither and thither at the will of the pale-faced strangers of yesterday, we who have dwelt forever in the land? How shall the Great Spirit give to us if we will not keep what he has given? No, we will destroy and roll back the white man from us on every side. The young shall take counsel of the old; wise heads and strong arms shall give us our liberty, and our lands shall grow larger instead of narrower. From this hour I go forward, to keep the lands we have, to win still wider, or to join my ancestors in the hunting grounds upon which no pale-face intrudes. Who goes with me?"

There was in Capea's face something of the solemnity with which the boy Hannibal must have

sworn eternal hatred to Rome. Even the older men, who had in their youth felt something of the same courage, were overborne by Capea's eloquence and fervor. It might be, after all, that they had not been strong enough, that victory was possible. If they had not all the faith of the young man, they would not dampen the enthusiasm which might lead to great results.

So it appeared that all went with Capea.

As he stepped down from the heap of brush covered with buffalo skins upon which he had stood to address his audience, the crowd made way for him to pass to his father's tent, where a council was to be held to decide what to do and where to begin. Among the women on the outskirts, standing beside her mother, was a girl of fourteen. She was of a brighter face than most of her companions; her dress was richer, and her necklace of elk's teeth proclaimed her of rank; she was the daughter of one of the principal men. Capea spoke to her as he went by, for her look was fixed upon him, and he saw by her expression that she had been absorbed in his words.

"You are with us, Eyawat?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered him slowly, and followed him with her eyes until the tent had hidden him. Then she turned to her mother.

"The gods will accept," she said. "We shall be free, but he will die."

* * * * *

It was 1875.

On one of those days of clouds and chill by which the month of May proves itself to be spring instead of summer, a long line of men stood all day under strong guard. This became only stronger for those who, one by one, were passed into the custody of soldiers on another part of the field. But this transfer went on very slowly, for these men were removed only on the evidence of being directly concerned in a murderous raid upon the Texan border. There were over seventy Indians who had had a share in this work which would condemn them to imprisonment, but it took time to substantiate the individual charges, and when the sun was on the horizon only fifteen out of the seventy had been convicted of their crimes. What was to become of the unfinished work?

Exactly at sunset the order was given to tell off the rest of the prisoners as they stood in the line, and to exchange afterward those who had a right to exchange. These seventy prisoners of war were to be kept as prisoners under military law.

Among the first fifteen was Capea Osandiah. It had been easy to prove that his words and his example had been foremost in his own tribe, and had had great influence with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who had joined with the Kiowas in this raid.

Capea stood, dark and haughty, with an immobility possible only to an Indian, with downcast eyes and knitted brows, in a superb indifference to all that was going on about him. It was the bearing with which he would have met torture, and what torture could be worse than that he had reason to expect from the white man?

Yet this face, in its sullen endurance, had in feature and expression the nobleness of a kingly nature. Erect, but with eyes fastened upon the ground, he was taken away by the soldiers, and stood like a statue while his chains were being riveted upon him.

A new voice in his ears. Capea looked up with a sudden, piercing gaze. His eyes met those of the officer in charge fixed upon him. For more than a minute the two measured each other with unwavering gaze. Then the officer turned as an orderly came up to him, but not before he had recognized in Capea Osandiah a nature above the craft and cowardice that had so often filled him with disgust. This was a dangerous fellow; but he was a soldier, captured only by a soldier's steel.

But Capea gazed on. For the tones of command that had caught his ear directly had revealed a personality which face and bearing carried out. The order, the decision, the power, which Capea could comprehend from their presence in himself, were here.

All white men were his deadly enemies. He hated every one with a hatred that captivity only increased. Yet the soldier recognized the soldier.

As on its way to the fort in Florida the train passed through well-tilled fields, across the borders of rich estates, through towns and cities where Capea sometimes saw evidences of more people together than he had ever realized existed at all, he looked down in scorn at his chains. It was true that these kept him from the happy hunting grounds on which his thoughts dwelt now; that they reserved him for torture. But they were useless for any other purpose; for what madness it would be to resist a power like this! He spoke one day to a companion, a young man whose silence had almost equaled his own:

"The white man would have no need to send soldiers to us," he said, "if they had let us pass through their reservations. It is too much for the Indian; there is nothing left him but to die."

And from this time he was, if possible, more silent and haughty.

Every Indian felt that he was going to torture and to death. Some tried escape—only to be shot down by the guard; one anticipated the fate he dreaded. The death-songs were sung, the courage roused to meet the death-tortures in store for them. None of these were felt on the way; the prisoners were well fed and well sheltered.

At last Fort Marion was reached. The gates of this prison closed upon them.

The seventy prisoners, heavily chained, stood face to face with the officer in charge of them. With unflinching eyes they looked into the face that was studying them with a something in its scrutiny which they could not read, and awaited their doom.

It came.

The chains were struck off from their cramped limbs, and they were told that they would be treated according to their behavior.

They looked at one another in a wonder that laid deep foundations for the future.

Capea waited. Upon him lay the responsibility of leadership. He had learned the lesson of years well; he was still full of hatred to the white man. But he was saying to himself, over and over:

“What a strange enemy!”

CHAPTER XII.

A CASE OF EVOLUTION.

NATIONAL, like individual life, has its indemnifications. The wheel that comes "full circle" to avenge wrong and crime, turns also to bring about the beautiful compensations which are the solace of life and the illumination of history.

The old town of St. Augustine was the first witness of the wrongs of the Indian in the land which is now the United States. When the white man landed here, the day of reservations was over for him, the wide seas had become his highway, the treasures of the earth were at his disposal, the world was before him where to choose.

And it was in St. Augustine that, in 1875, it was shown how for the Indian as well the day of reservations was over, and the world before him also where to choose. And so, on the same sands were the first steps of liberty taken by the white man and by the red.

The Indians in the old fort must have found the white man's road a hard one to travel, but they soon came to the conclusion that while they were prisoners it was the inevitable path. Cut off from hunting, cut off from fighting, the mischief that accompanies idleness would have been doubly certain in their case. But they were far from idle. Every opportunity to give them employment was seized upon.

And so, by dint of being kept busy, by such training as they were capable at first of receiving, by healthful food and good clothing, the savages were becoming more humanized in appearance and better disciplined, when suddenly there fell a calamity.

Congress had failed to make an appropriation for an Indian interpreter at Fort Marion. The one there was discharged at the end of his term. It was in vain that the Captain expostulated and pleaded. There was no money to pay an interpreter—there could be no interpreter.

The Captain was left face to face with his Indians. He must speak to them in Comanche, which, being a kind of court language among the Indians, was spoken by the Kiowas and Arapahoes also; it was this—or they must speak to him in English.

Genius makes its occasions out of what to other men are only misfortunes. To keep a few sav-

ages busy and out of mischief in an old fort on the Atlantic coast had not been the Captain's aspiration upon the Indian question. Indeed, he had taken this charge reluctantly, and at the sacrifice of personal interests. His perceptions and his wishes for Indian work were far wider. But the faithfulness which inspired him to work for these prisoners, as possessing not only a common humanity worthy of effort, but a common nationality, also, became his inspiration. The casket in which lay his destiny was, like Bassanio's, leaden enough. But when he had turned the lock of the situation with a resolute hand, there looked up at him, also, as at Bassanio, a smiling face—the face of a grand opportunity.

He believed in taking Indians out of their reservations; they could hardly be farther away from these than across a continent. He believed in new environments as a necessity to individual growth; they had it here. He believed in education; there were in St. Augustine people ready and willing to help in this work. And as a preliminary to all possibilities of citizenship and to the growth to be gained by new environment, he believed in the English language. By the loss of the interpreter he had it; not by his own will, but of necessity, English was to be the language of the Indians at Fort Marion.

The interpreter had not fairly departed before

the Captain had perceived in him the last bar between the Indian and American civilization.

At once the door was opened for outside aid. People of St. Augustine did not talk Comanche, but they would help the Indians to learn English.

First, however, he tried upon the Indians his own English, of a simplicity the ideal of art and full of force. They understood more of the language than he had supposed, and they understood him.

From this time the work went on more vigorously than ever.

The best inspiration of Froebel never excelled the object teaching that went on in the old fort. Whatever in that unique school was lacking in grading and scientific classification was more than made up by the action of a superb vitality that not only aroused mental power but laid its demands upon the whole nature, and, by sternness, by gentleness, by a wise exactingness, developed latent forces of character.

To relieve the toil there was plenty of grotesqueness, as there always must be in the growth of childish minds in mature bodies, and the little trials were amusing enough in retrospect.

Of all who came to help, none was so full of devotion, and so untiring in her labors, as Miss Mather. Her illustrations of the English language were unequaled in quickness and point,

and her capacity for interesting the Indians was unbounded. As to fear of them, the thought was beneath her. When she was teaching them, in her eagerness to recall wandering attention, she one day emphatically snapped the fingers of the most formidable chief. The Indian examined his injured digits and burst into a giggle, echoed by the class. But he became more attentive.

There was no lack of difficulties. But as the spring comes on in the face of the north-easters as in the sunshine, the work of civilization went steadily forward.

And Capea?

The greatness of his nature not only gave him a power over his companions, but made him feel a responsibility for them out of keeping with his years. He must think for these Indians, who did not think for themselves. A captive, he was still a leader and a patriot; he was unalterably true to his country and his race. At first he had taken the labor put upon them, with its degradation, as their torture, and, with a scorn as much above complaint as if it had been an Indian torture, had performed every task set him. He learned at a glance, he accomplished at a touch; his example had great weight, especially among his own tribe.

But it was not long before he perceived that to the white man labor was honorable, and that his people were the better for their occupation. He

still hated the white man. But where was the white man's hatred of the Indian? Capea's prejudices could not blind him to the fact that, with a hundred daily opportunities for insult, for cruelty, his enemy, instead of offering these, was trying to bring the Indians up, was doing what he himself would have been glad to do for his race—was making them more formidable enemies when they should again set themselves for the defense of their country. For although there was no hope in battle, it was the death that braves should die. Capea meant that the day should come. His conduct was perfect; his allegiance had not changed.

The Captain watched Capea. He admired the stern integrity of the Indian that yielded up neither comrades nor country to the personal favor with which from the first he had treated the young man. For he trusted Capea more and more and gave him evidence of it; he advanced him to work that brought him more into contact with himself, and before long he made him his orderly.

One morning Capea returned from an errand upon which he had been sent. The Captain was busy writing. "That's all," he said, after the orderly gave his message. The room was perfectly still. All at once the Captain looked up with a sense of presence. Capea stood before

him with a question in his face struggling through his natural reserve and his difficult English.

“What is it, Capea?”

“What you tell us last week,” began the young man, “not like what other white men think.”

“Like what all white men will think when you Indians have shown them what you can do. You think one little place is your country. No, Capea, this is all your country, just as much as it is mine.”

The Indian smiled a little. “Where your reservations?” he asked.

“Where yours will be when you have grown to be like white men—all over the country. Then you will be free to go everywhere.”

“I not go everywhere. I go where my people go.”

“The white men are your people, too.”

“You say they have the same Great Spirit for father,” returned Capea. “Then why he let the white man get so much, the red man so little?”

The Captain put down his pen and faced him. “Did the red man have so little at first, Capea?”

“He have all the land.” And the Indian’s face darkened.

“Yes, Capea, he had all the land, and the white man very little at first. What is the reason why now it is the other way, why now the white man has almost all the land and the red man so little?

There is one thing the white man does which makes the difference—he works. The Indian does not work."

"No; he fight," returned Capea, with all his old pride.

The Captain held him with his eyes. "What has he gained by fighting?" he asked. "Has he got back his lands?"

"He brave," said the Indian. "But no good, no good."

"Yes," said the Captain, "he is brave; if fighting would give him his country, he would have it. But, Capea, suppose you tell your people, when you go back to them, to try the other way. Suppose you tell them that all this country belongs to people who work, and if they will work, too, they shall have their share in it, and have their share where they will like it."

A silence. At last Capea took a step forward. He bent a keen eye upon the speaker, and in his face and his tones there was anxiety that would not allow itself to be yet driven away by hope. "That why you make us work?" he asked.

The eagle eyes looked into his steadily with a gentleness, an assuring kindness, that penetrated every fiber of the gazer.

"Yes," answered the Captain. And the simple word filled every pulse of Capea's heart with belief. Slowly the young man's eyes sank. In

place of the strain of months, there came to him a new sense of rest. He was still the leader of his tribe; but he himself had a leader wiser than himself, stronger—and an enemy?

His face softened and glowed. Without another word he turned and left the room.

The Captain watched him, and, when he had gone away, still thoughtfully looked after him for a moment, seeing possibilities yet only in the air. Then he went back to his writing.

And Capea had changed his allegiance? Never! He had widened his horizon; what he had thought alien and opposite he had just seen to be his own. He and his people had a country, a home, if they would work for it.

And he had thought work a degradation!

From that day the Captain had a strong ally. Capea was ready now to accept the faith that made his patriotism the wider and his devotion the nobler. He saw what was done; what was said seemed to him only the logical cause of this.

He was foremost among the little band of younger men to whom there was opening another than an Indian's future; and, also, he did something toward leavening the heavy minds of the older men.

The three years of captivity went by. The Indians were to be released. They were to be sent back to their reservations, and there, with

the new influences withdrawn, and in the midst of the old surroundings, they were to lose all that the three years had given them. Or else were these savages to be an exception to the necessity for environment that controls all races? Could the Indians, alone among men, be thrown back upon themselves perpetually, and yet gain what intercourse with the East, and later with the resources of the West, had given to the nations of Europe?

In life, appearances and reality are a good deal like the old idea of geography and the reality of it. To the ancients the earth came to an end beyond the pillars of Hercules. Yet those who sailed boldly out by no means found themselves precipitated into space. So, the education of these Indians in new surroundings, having been begun, was not allowed to fall into the abyss of neglect. To the young men, those most able to profit by the opportunity, after Florida came Hampton. It was in vain that the difficulty of managing the Indians with the negroes was set before General Armstrong. Having opened the door to one race, it was not in him to shut it in the face of another. Place was made for the young Indians at Hampton, and a cordial welcome given to them. And so, still with the Captain in charge of them, the education begun went on.

This was in the spring of 1878.

CHAPTER XIII.

PIONEERING.

THE summer of 1879.

Farmer Tweedsell stood in his doorway, his eyes upon the Berkshire hills that stretched along a distant line on his left. But he was not seeing them; another object, still plain to his mental vision, had for the moment blotted out everything else.

"'Mandy," he began, with a slight degree more alertness than usual in his deliberate tones, "I don't know what we're a-comin' to next; shouldn't wonder 'f 'twas runnin' the train by a cyclone, a-judgin' by what I've set eyes on to-day to Mister Herrick's."

"What's that, Benjamin?" And Mrs. Tweedsell suspended her pie-making to listen.

"Wa'al, you never would guess it, so I s'pose I might's well tell you. I see an Injun mowin' with a machine. What d'y'r think of that, now?"

'Mandy, suspending her pie-making still more decidedly, asked, "Instid of a horse, Benjamin?"

"'Instid of a horse'? Land, no, 'Mandy. He was doin' the mowin', that Injun was. Now, I never heerd of an Injun doin' anythin' 'cept takin' folkses' scalps off. Say, 'Mandy, did you?'"

"Oh, I guess he wa'nt Injun," replied the wife. "I guess it was some man that had been workin' down by the seashore an' got kinder burnt up; they do, yer know."

"'F I'd a-been you, Mis' Tweedsell," retorted her hearer, "I wouldn't a-married a man 'tcouldn't tell an Injun from a man a-tanned up on the beach. Leastways, Mr. Herrick told me his own self he was an Injun come from down South, a place they call Hampton."

"It beats me. I thought the Injuns all come from out West."

"Wa'al, I did; but I s'pose that's the scalpin' kind." There came a pause of consideration, and then Mr. Tweedsell resumed: "Say, 'Mandy, I don't b'lieve 'twas bein' so very savin' to drop that there newspaper of oun last year. There's been lots of things a-happened since, an' folks they kinder smile, yer see, an' when I appologize, an' say, 'Me an' my wife we live out of the world, yer know,' they say, 'So yer do, Mr. Tweedsell.' An', 'Mandy, there's things as somehow don't sound jest the same 'f yer say 'em yerself's they do when folks says 'em back to yer, more 'specially when they laughs."

"You remember, Benjamin, I telled yer so when"—

"Don't interrupt me, 'f yer care anything 'bout hearin' the news." Mr. Tweedsell's tone was that of a man not to be trifled with. At such moments Mrs. Tweedsell was usually silent. A model of discretion at present, she carefully trimmed the edge of her pie, and, setting it down softly, gathered up her bits of pastry, still keeping her attentive mien. "Wall, now, this Injun feller," resumed the farmer, "he looked for all the world like a man round here; why, he had store close on!"

Mrs. Tweedsell grew absorbed. "Did you speak to him?" she asked. "Can he talk?"

"I d'n' know, I'm sure. Yer see, I was kinder taken up lookin', an' I didn't go so very near when Mr. Herrick told me he was an Injun; I thought 'f he was goin' ter break out, he might's well try it on Mr. Herrick, since he'd got him up here 'mong eddicated people. But, lor', 'Mandy, I d'n' know 'f there's any danger; such lots of brave folks like me round, yer see, I don't b'lieve he'd a-dare. But, come to think, there's two on 'em. T'other, he's down't the west village; they say he ain't nigh's quick spoken as this feller. But I d'n' know; I hain't seen him."

"I sorter wish you'd a-tried talkin' on him," said Mrs. Tweedsell. "I'd a-liked ter a-known what you'd a-made out er him."

"I don't know no Injun," retorted her husband.
"Does Mr. Herrick?"

"Seems so." And Mr. Tweedsell's merriment broke forth anew. "But I d'n' know but what I'll see the kinder lingo the feller will talk. I guess I'll go down ter the Center this evenin', wife. I hain't been round much lately."

It was the next afternoon that Farmer Tweedsell approached Capea Osandiah.

But how did Capea come to be living among the Berkshire Hills?

A week before this time two men had sat earnestly talking in a room in the Hampton School.

"The very thing!" said one. "But how will you bring it about?"

"How can we help bringing it about—with this acceptance?" returned the other. "It is the key of the situation. If we can carry this point decisively, the battle is won; the Indian becomes a citizen. Mr. Herrick will take Capea, and Black Eagle goes with him. I'll take them up to Massachusetts myself. We must be off at once."

"To-day's boat has gone," said the other.

His hearer made a movement of impatience. "The boat from —— goes by here in a little while," he said. "I'll take that. Capea and Black Eagle shall be ready. But we must be off directly."

He rose.

"And you'll go out to intercept the steamer, all that distance, in a rowboat?"

But it seemed as if his companion had not heard him. "It's the beginning of the end," he said. "I'll tell Capea and the other to meet me on the pier in ten minutes. And shall I order the boat, or will you?"

The eyes of both men were flashing with eagerness as they met. The listener looked at the speaker with a smile. "The boat shall be ready," he answered. "You shall have 'godspeed' from me on your mission."

The steamer was signaled. It seemed every moment, between the roughness of the water and the swell from the steamer, that the little boat tossing on the waves would be swamped. But it rode them safely to carry out that mission of beginning to turn impossibilities into realities. The steamer saw the signal. The Captain and his Indians were taken on board.

For the Indians, this putting them upon farms in Massachusetts was the introduction into a new life like the white man's. There, among the Berkshire Hills, the two were brought forward as the best specimens of a work just begun and full of promise; and there they were left to make their own way in the families with whom they had been placed, and to prove to the neighborhood that in Indians there was the making of men.

The Indian record of Massachusetts is far from being one that her children of the present day defend; and yet it does not seem inappropriate that the State which has done pioneer work in every cause of liberty in the country should have had this small opportunity to begin the reparation it is so ready to make.

When Farmer Tweedsell reached Capea he found the post of interrogator already filled. A lean man, keen in face and quick in movement, stood talking with the Indian. It was the most successful lawyer of the town, and Tweedsell felt it a privilege to overhear the discoveries of Mr. Sinclair concerning the strange stranger. He did not know how long the interview had lasted when he came up, but, judging by the look and attitude of the lawyer, he was not ready to put an end to it. The first question caught by the new-comer was :

“And so you’re not going to be Indian any more?”

Capea’s eyes flashed. He stood for a moment; then he said, “How could I get it off if I tried? No; always Indian — American Indian.”

“But now you are civilized, you don’t care about your own people any more, do you?”

“My people just the same,” he replied. Then he looked at his questioner. “You study, and you know more than any of your people?” he asked.

The man's wrinkled face twisted itself into still deeper lines. "You'd make a first-rate lawyer, Capea," he said, with a laugh. "But I ain't through with you yet. If you like your own people, why don't you stay among 'em? What brings you away up here in Massachusetts? You belong out in the Indian Territory."

Farmer Tweedsell chuckled, and the lawyer was only waiting for the nonplused look to come to the Indian's face to follow suit. Capea remembered what he had told the Captain years before, that few white men thought as he did, and how he had been shown that these must be taught by the evidence of the Indian's abilities. The time for which he had been trained had come; he was thrown upon his own resources. Loyalty to his race and to his trainer rose up in him. He would have liked to be strong, to be eloquent, but his ignorance of the language, not yet mastered, hampered him.

"I work on Mr. Herrick's farm," he said at last; "and his farm here, so I here."

"Then you think it is more important to work on Mr. Herrick's farm than it is to stay with your own people when you like them; is that it?" And with the laugh still in his voice the questioner watched the Indian.

"You have son?" asked Capea.

"Yes."

"He did not come here to-day with you. He do not love you."

"My son couldn't come with me; he's out in California."

Capea looked at him steadily. "He stay there long time?"

"Oh, yes; he stays there all the time; he lives there. He's married — only comes home to visit."

"He don't like you, then? That the reason why he go away and stay away?"

The lawyer laughed contentedly. "Oh, no; that's not the reason at all," he said. "He is a good son. He lives out in California because his business is out there." And he looked at his questioner intently.

"Why didn't he have his business with you?" continued Capea, his English gaining with his confidence.

"Do better there," responded Mr. Sinclair, more and more interested.

"That's the way I come here," returned Capea. "I do better here. Americans have a big country, go where they please. I American; I learn; I find my business anywhere."

"I guess you've got the right of it, young man; and I'm glad enough to see it, too. We've had enough of savages, and it's a lucky thing to find they're worth civilizing. You're rather a trump card, though, ain't you?"

Capea had been at work while this conversation had been going on. He now used his pitchfork in silence a moment. "Indian nation like this hay. All in a heap, no good, no good. But scatter all over the field, the country, then every Indian he learn; then they all good—'most all."

Farmer Tweedsell had not spoken a word. He turned away with the lawyer. The latter went on up the street, still chuckling to himself at times. When he reached his office he amazed his partner by shouting, "Wake up, Whitson! We shall have to look alive. The Indians are upon us; they've left their tomahawks behind and swooped down on us with the Socratic method. Awful smart fellow, that Capea," he added. "I'll have another talk with him."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ARRIVAL.

POLLY was resting from biographical labors by embroidering a table scarf for Lance, who that morning was at work in her own room. It was superb weather—one of those days by which the Cumberland Valley knows how to compensate its inhabitants for the periods of cloud and storm. It seemed as if the reflected sunlight dazzled; the sky was not merely blue, it radiated vividness, and the very atmosphere sparkled. The snow as it was trodden upon gave out a crisp sound, and the walkers went on at a swifter pace for the keenness of the air.

There came a knock at the door, and the little round-faced orderly who had been one of Polly's guests at the reception, came with a message for her.

"A gentleman to see me?" cried Polly. "And he won't send up his name? Can it be papa? He has not said a word to me about coming. How does he look, Fred?"

"He look good," smiled Fred.

"Now you know exactly who it is," laughed Trix, who had come in to speak to Lance about *The Red Man*, on which both were at work.

"Is he dark?" pursued Polly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And tall?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And of medium height?" asked Trix.

"Yes, ma'am—I don't know," said the child, as a shout greeted this last assertion.

"You might find out by going down," suggested Lance.

"But then you mightn't have put on that extra bow so needful upon occasions," explained Trix.

Polly suddenly held her head a trifle higher. "Yes, Fred, I'll come," she said, and swept down stairs after the child.

"Now, Trix," said Lance, "how could you be so cruel? I do like to see that extra bow go on, it is always so becoming."

"So do I. But I couldn't resist."

And then the two went back to their business, and for the moment forgot Polly.

But this young lady was not suffering from neglect.

"Why, Mr. Hathway! An unexpected pleasure. When did you come to Carlisle?"

"I ran on from Philadelphia this morning. I

shall stay for a time in town ; I shall need two or three days for my business, and, of course, I came first of all to see you."

"Thank you ; we feel pleased, of course. But, then, we are so used to having people come to see us that we are not surprised." Hathway colored as he looked at the speaker. But Polly's smile was so frank and her dimple so bewitchingly deep that he laughed. "Have you seen mamma lately?" she added.

"Two weeks ago ; and three days since I met Mr. Blatchley on the street. They both seemed to miss you very much."

She smiled. "I hope they have not grown too thin over it," she said. "I had a letter from Mrs. Ascott yesterday, and she spoke of mamma looking well."

"You know Mrs. Ascott?" cried Tony.

"*You* know Mrs. Ascott?" returned Polly.

"She was a schoolmate of my mother's," said the young man. "The intercourse has always been kept up in some degree, and since I've been in town she's been very kind."

"She has known mamma slightly for a long time," explained Polly. "But it was after we had a little play at our house years ago, we school children—something that we got up ourselves, a Revolutionary drama I think we called it ; it must have been rich—that I became acquainted with

her. She was so kind to me; and a girl thinks so much of kindnesses from a grown person, especially a person like Mrs. Ascott. We're very good friends now; at least, I am hers."

"It's delightful we both know her so well," remarked Hathway. He was a young man capable of a certain frugality even in his friendships.

They talked for some time of home affairs. When at last Polly came to speak of the things that she had seen and heard during her stay in the garrison, her companion sat watching her with attention. He had never seen such light in her eyes, and so exquisite a color in her face. If he did not fully share her enthusiasm, he fully appreciated its effect. But he was careful to put his exclamations and his comments in the right places, and his questions showed a certain acumen.

But Polly had no intention of making her words his informants when here was the work to speak for itself; and it was not long before they were going about the grounds. As they went, Polly stopped to speak to a child. "That little Indian girl," she explained, "has a mother who goes to the school at Albuquerque to keep up with her daughter at Carlisle."

"There is something charming about these Indian children," she added, as they passed another group. "They are very polite, and very unsophisticated—that is, some of them."

Tony laughed. "That is, there is a good deal of human nature about them," he said.

"It's all human nature," returned Polly, echoing his merriment.

It was after they had been through the gymnasium and the shops that Polly dropped into one of the chairs of the reading-room, which was in the large boys' quarters. "The world of books is still the world," she quoted, pointing to the magazines and newspapers about them. "These keep the Indians up with the times; they come here a great deal."

"And the girls have a reading-room?" asked Hathway.

"Yes—on the way. The contributions to it have begun, and are going to roll up like a snowball. Upon the whole, the girls are not badly off." Then all at once she began to laugh.

"What is it?" asked Hathway.

"It's the way the visitors put it," she said, "when they make their speeches to the children. They enthuse over the boys to their hearts' content, and predict all the fine things that they are going to do. Then they happen to glance on the other side, where sit in adorable meekness the blue-robed maidens, and their hearts smite them, and they hasten to add: 'And the girls, too.' Oh, they all do it, down—or up—to Eskimizen."

"Who is Eskimizen?"

"An Indian who will persist in living like a civilized being, though his civilized white neighbors destroyed his harvests, burned up his house and barn, drove off his cattle, and himself, too. It's usually after this sort of thing that the Indians go raiding; and then we say that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. But Eskimizen did not go raiding; he picked himself up and is going on again. He is not only a good Indian, but he is alive, and very much alive, too. He came to Carlisle with other chiefs; they have children or relatives here. I was introduced to them, and shook hands with them all. The Captain had an exhibition for them, and that evening it was the girls who gave the entertainment. There sat the chiefs, so still and so attentive through it all, though they didn't understand a word of English. Once I saw the youngest of them smile a very little, but the others were gravity itself; yet there was enough of pantomime in the performance to make a great deal of it understood. I wonder if they thought it was impolite to laugh. After the entertainment was over and our turn came—well, you know, I mean when we were introduced—I questioned Eskimizen a little"—

"Pardon me," interrupted Tony, "but how did you do it?"

"Why," said Polly, smiling at him, "I asked the Captain, and then I asked the interpreter."

"That was very direct."

"Very. Through the interpreter I asked Eskimizen if he had enjoyed the exhibition, and he said yes; but he didn't seem transported. His eyes wandered about the chapel—the pupils had gone; he seemed to be gauging its capacity, and he remarked, with earnestness, that he was glad to see so many boys here. 'And the girls, too?' I asked. How his face changed! and you should have heard the utter change of tone, the condescension, as he added, 'Yes, and the girls, too.' He did it nearly as well as the white visitors." Hathway made no answer; he stood watching her. "I wish that you could have seen those chiefs," she went on.

"How did they look?"

Polly described them briefly. "But what particularly impressed me as they stood there in a row," she added, "was the gleam of their stiff, white wristbands; it was the flood-tide of civilization. Yet Jason understood me when he declared that, for all my belief in civilizing Indians, I had secretly a great deal of curiosity about the feathers and paint. He said, you know, it was the case of the 'me' and the 'not me'."

On the piazza she stopped to show him the inscription on the left of the great doors, and to explain that the older boys had contributed nearly two thousand dollars toward the building.

"That was splendid," said Tony. "But where did they get it? I don't suppose it was pocket money from Uncle Sam."

"Oh, no; pocket money from some of Uncle Sam's nephews. The boys gave it out of their own earnings on farms and at other work."

She was silent awhile as they were going back toward the other quarters.

"There ought to be interpreters," she said at last, "between this work and the people outside who don't care. Indians need the English language, and we need something of the Indian—not language, of course, but character—read off to us. We think that they need a new code of laws in the universe made on purpose for them."

"I see what you mean," said Hathway.

But what he was really seeing was that Polly was lovelier than ever, for she was looking at him with the enthusiasm of a sudden thought. Why should he not be one of the many to help in this interpretation? He was clever and—

She smiled ever so little—not to him, but with her head bent and a sense of power coming over her.

It was at this moment that the Captain, standing beside the office door talking with Eve, said to her suddenly, "Don't you think you'd better go across and help those people entertain each other? They seem to be having a dull time of it."

But when Eve looked up with her answer the smile had already gone, and he was going on with the business in hand.

"Let us hurry a little," said Polly. "I want to introduce you to the Captain, and he will be gone in a moment."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE GIRLS CAME TO CARLISLE.

IT was rare," said Minerva. "But words can't do justice to it; you must have seen the whole thing to appreciate it—the teachers with a special severity put on for the occasion, the girls with faces mysterious yet showing genuine interest, and the culprits with that indescribable air of awaiting sentence. There sat the teachers, judge and jury; there stood the witnesses, excited, yet not too ready to bear testimony against their comrades; there"—

"What's all this about?" asked Lance, who had come in while Minerva was speaking.

"Faith Red Heart's 'swear words,'" returned Minerva.

"Oh, I remember. Trix told me."

"Do let her go on," begged Polly, who sat looking at the speaker, while Hathway beside her had been listening with a smile hovering on his lips.

"Faith was the principal witness," Minerva continued; "for a good while she would not speak,

but at last she was brought to utter, though most reluctantly, the wicked speech that she had heard from one of her comrades. There stood the sinner, presumably the worst of all—an Indian girl more slightly built than most of her mates; it was she who had spoken what Faith, for all her small knowledge of English, dreaded to repeat; it was she who had said"—

Minerva made a dramatic pause.

"Perhaps, like Faith, you hesitate to repeat it?" suggested Hathway.

"Exactly," returned Minerva; "but I have no right to leave your roused curiosity unsatisfied. The desperate words the girl had uttered were, 'Peace be unto you'."

"I should think," cried Polly, "that you would all have felt like the princess George Macdonald writes about, who was born without her gravity."

"It was a struggle for staidness," answered Minerva. And she gave an account of the lucid explanations of the English language and the valiant efforts to preserve the needful decorum that followed.

"That was early in the history of the school?" questioned Hathway.

"Oh, yes; it happened years ago, in the days of a darkness that could be felt. The first struggles with the savage hosts were severe. But there was always an element of the pathetic in

them. And, then, sometimes there was fun beyond everything."

"Was Faith Red Heart one of the very earliest pupils?" asked Polly, who remembered the reference that Lance had made to her.

"She came in '79, with the first Sioux from Dakota. Her people were concerned in the Custer massacre."

"How many did the school open with?" asked Hathway, returning from a survey of the Indian ornaments, bow and arrows, bead work, miniature canoe, and other things that adorned Minerva's room.

"At first there were about one hundred and fifty in all. Capea brought some of them. Did you ever hear about his going out for the children?" said Minerva to Polly.

"No; but now I am going to."

"Capea was in Massachusetts, making a splendid record, when a postal card reached him from the Captain, saying that the Carlisle School was to be started, that Capea was to go out immediately to his own home and bring back pupils, and that further instructions would meet him on the road. The Indian made ready to start at once. 'But you ought to wait for more explicit instructions,' urged Mr. Herrick, adding that he was reluctant to part with him at all. I can imagine Capea standing straight as an arrow and hear him

saying, ‘The Captain, he send me postal; that enough; that my orders; I go’; then adding, with all his earnestness (and it rose at times into enthusiasm, and made him a power), ‘The Captain work for my people; I do all he say; I follow him’. So Capea went to the Kiowa agency. Eyawat was among the pupils that he brought back with him to the school. She is now Natalie; you have seen her here,” Minerva added to Polly. “But,” she went on, “the girls were dear bought; it was hard work to get hold of them. The Indians wouldn’t let them come to school—that is to say, they wouldn’t at first—and it took a great amount of financing to bring it about.” And the speaker laughed in that charming way she had, more of mirth and ripple than noise.

It was in this way that Polly learned how the girls came to Carlisle.

“No civilization without the girls,” said the Captain, who had had years of acquaintance with Indian life, and knew what it would be to have the boys, after their training at Carlisle, go back to the Indian village and the tepee and the three-fold cord of evil influence to be thrown about them in the old associations. And he knew that the strongest strand of this cord would be the ridicule of the girls. These would mock at the innovations of civilization, and demand the gaudy decorations, the insolence and bravado, of the old

days. The girls must be civilized and educated. But first they must be captured. For, partly by reason of their usefulness, partly through the distrust of the savage, the old chiefs, while pushing forward the boys with a free hand, held back their girls; these must stay at home. The reason they gave was probably not wholly unlike the argument against feminine education brought by the Hindus: "Teach a woman to read? Teach a cow to read!" they used to say. There, however, the feat is beginning to have its accomplishment, and here it was to begin also. Obstacles are either stumbling-blocks or stepping-stones to power, according to the people who encounter them. The old proverb, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee the flax," was exemplified here. The place for the girls was waiting, the girls for the place were coming—surely. There was no doubt in the Captain's mind that they would be got there; there was at first a question of how the thing could be accomplished.

"I will go with you after the Indian girls," wrote a woman, it may have been in answer to his appeal—a woman whose years and whose ill health would have made a less indomitable spirit feel that the hardships of such a journey and such a task would be beyond endurance. It was Miss Mather. Some of the Indians upon the reserva-

tions to which she would go had known her in Florida. Her influence with these had from the first been great. She was a woman whose energy was limited by physical impossibilities alone, and whose enthusiasm was limited by nothing whatever, and, fortunately, was wholly of the practical kind. Here was a helper that the Captain appreciated and accepted gratefully.

One hundred miles beyond the railroad! And in these days beyond the railroad means into the wilderness, a driver, an open wagon, a camping ground where one could find it, hardships even in sunny weather, and in storms no shelter. All these difficulties before arriving. Afterward the Indian chiefs.

But the road, like all others, had an end. The Sioux agencies—the Rosebud and Pine Ridge—were reached at last; and the feminine tactics began.

Among the early encounters was one with a chief whom Miss Mather had known in the days when he had been a prisoner at Fort Marion. As she saw him now she recalled a brief conversation that she had had with him then. "I'm coming out to your country some day, Bear's Heart," she had said to him. And Bear's Heart had looked her in the face, and, with that Indian directness as sharply contrasting with his diplomacy as ever white bluntness can do, had replied, "You lie."

There had really been nothing to answer to so decided an assertion, and Miss Mather had answered nothing, until now when she stood face to face with him in his own country. Then she reminded him that she was here keeping her word. It was the Indian who this time had no reply to make; or, rather, who, in a satire worthy of civilization, dubbed her "Never-Stay-at-Home." But this keeping of her word had its effect upon the Indians. "I'm going to take you back with me," she said, seizing upon the daughter of this truth-compelling chief, putting an arm about her, and drawing the girl, in all the filth of her savagery, toward herself. Yet she was so filled with the thought of the child's future that all the possibilities of cleanliness and goodness rushed upon her as if they were reality, and sacrifice lost itself in love. She reached out and took hold of other girls who stood about, nothing loth to see the strangers and as eager for the new life as youth always is for the opening up of new vistas.

But she had not captured her girls yet.

First, there must be the powwows; for the chiefs must consider the proposition, and, of all things, talk it over.

The powwows were had. The chiefs talked the matter over; in fact, they did nothing else. The hours went by, the days were going by, and still the chiefs did nothing but powwow. They pow-

wowed and they did not give the girls; the utmost that the Captain and Miss Mather could accomplish was that they should not refuse them. The Captain talked, and again he talked, and even again; and all the while everything here and at home was needing action, and words for the sake of words, not pleasing to him at any time, made him chafe now with an impatience that it was hard to repress. But he kept himself a model of patient persuasion.

It was the third day. The chiefs sat around still powwowing, and not seeming to get on at all. Indian caution was well to the front. Miss Mather a little out of the circle, "viewed the country round," and once or twice nodded her head emphatically. Decidedly, those Indians needed warming up, if a body could but do it. Her eyes brightened, and she disappeared into the tepee assigned to her use.

It was not long before she reappeared bearing a pitcher, in which was a beverage that, with the consciousness of more in reserve, she offered to the assembled chiefs. The Captain came forward and looked into the pitcher, glanced at his coadjutor in a gravity that, if difficult, was perfect, and went back to his place.

The Indians were delighted with their treat; they talked faster than they had done, and more to the purpose, and that very afternoon they came to

a decision, under the influence of the most innocent fire-water that the white man—or woman—had ever offered to the red. “Where did you get all those lemons?” asked the Captain, at the first opportunity for an aside. “We brought them with us,” returned Miss Mather. “They and a generous supply of sugar have sweetened our labors.”

The Indians had decided to send their girls to Carlisle. But the ordeal was not yet over. There must be a contract between the parties giving and those receiving the precious charges, and the pipe of peace must be smoked by both sides.

The Captain took his whiff with the philosophy of a soldier.

The pipe of peace was passed to Miss Mather. She hated tobacco at the best; she looked at the squalid men about her, who had never seemed to her so foul as now when she sat holding in her hands this pipe which had passed more than half around the circle. She looked at the girls, the little ones and the half-grown women, who stood huddled together watching for their fate to be decided. And she took her smoke with the others.

This was the way in which the girls first came to Carlisle.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOLLOWERS OF PENN.

L ANCE," cried Polly, "listen a moment." And she read: "'After traveling some miles, we met several Indian men and women, with a cow and horse and some household goods, who were lately come from their dwelling at Wyoming, and were going to settle at another place. . . . We pitched our tents near the banks of the same river, having labored hard in crossing some of those mountains called the Blue Ridge.' See them there in the distance, Lance," said the reader, looking out of the window to where the hills lay on the horizon, "can anything appear more soft, more inviting, than these ascents that this poor man talks of laboring hard over? But there's a little more," she went on. "'Near our tent, on the sides of large trees peeled for that purpose, were various representations of men going to and returning from the wars, and of some being killed in battle. This was a path heretofore used by warriors, and as I walked

about viewing these Indian histories, which were painted mostly in red or black, and thinking on the innumerable afflictions which the proud, fierce spirit produceth in the world, also on the trials and fatigues of warriors, in traveling over mountains and deserts; on their miseries and distresses when far from home and wounded by their enemies; of their bruises and great weariness in chasing one another over the rocks and mountains; of the restless, unquiet state of mind of those who live in this spirit, and of the hatred which mutually grows up in the minds of their children—the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace among these people arose very fresh in me.'

"John Woolman would like the appearance of things about here, Lance," commented Polly, laying down his "Journal" as she sat watching the children filing past from the school-house.

"The sect that he belonged to has done a great deal toward making this work a success," replied Lance. "When money has been needed here they have given it generously. Here is an instance: One winter the Government decided not to pay the Indian boys at Carlisle for work that they had been set to do with the understanding that they should be paid for it. Now, the Captain holds that money earned by Indians individually is the beginning of that possession in severalty which is to turn these believers in patriarchal institutions

into bread-winners and citizens. ‘My boys *shall* be paid,’ he said. He stated the case at a meeting held in Philadelphia. At the close of the meeting a lady brought or sent to him her check for a large amount. ‘Pay the Indian workmen,’ she said, ‘and draw upon me for the money.’ And, Polly, she herself filled that gap until the appropriation came from the government again. I don’t remember the exact amount, but I think she gave full five thousand dollars.” The girl sat looking at Lance with shining eyes. “But you know it’s not the Friends alone,” pursued the latter, “who give money. There is no sect in this kind of generosity; hands have reached out from all quarters to help in this cause. But it is in another way, also, that the Friends have been true followers of Penn in regard to the Indians. The old treaty of peace and friendship that, under him, they made with them more than two hundred years ago, still deserves the praise that Voltaire gave to it when he said that it was the only treaty which was never sworn to and never broken.” She was silent a moment, and then she added: “Yet how strange it is that, after all this time in which the Indians have been driven away by the sword, it is the sword that has saved the remnant of them! Yes, Polly,” as the girl looked at her inquiringly, “it is the army that has saved the Indians from extermination by the settlers

and by each other ; it is the army which has made it possible for us now to redress as far as we can the wrongs we have done them, and to treat them as we ought to have treated them two hundred years ago. And at least you see that it is a soldier who has brought them here to be civilized at last as we should have tried to civilize them at first, in the natural way, and that, of course, is the scientific way. And now that we are here, who is it that takes hold of this work of civilizing with a vigor worthy of the cause? Why, the Friends. The greater part of all the Indian boys and girls who go out into the country from this school go into Quaker families."

Polly pondered. "Is it the practicalness of them?" she asked at last, smiling.

"That's it," returned Lance. And she laughed a little. "Some day I must tell you," she went on, "how this second introduction of the Indians to the Friends in Pennsylvania was brought about."

Polly left her chair, crossed over the space between them, and seated herself at Lance's feet on the dais under the high window ; then, drawing back a little so that she could look into her friend's face, she said : "Lance, you may have heard that there's no time like the present ; indeed, I heard you saying it yourself yesterday. Now begin ; I'm all ready.

"Oh, I never knew the time when you were not that, Poll," retorted the other, smiling down at her.

"There isn't any nicer way to help other people to get ready," said the girl, watching Lance as she pushed away the work before her, and smiling at her with an affection that softened the sauciness into a charm.

"It was only a year and seven months from the opening of the school," began Lance, "before the Captain was ready to put into action his belief in the necessity of home education for the Indians. From the first this method of building up the character of the pupils had been a part of the ground plan of the Carlisle School. This would give them the opportunity to live for a time not only in the presence of family life in Christian communities and within its influence, as they do here, but to live in the families themselves and to gain, by actual contact and by experiment of their own strength, a self-reliance that only experience gives.

"Now, here, at the end of a year and a half, were the Indians beginning to adapt themselves to the new order of things and ready to take the next step. But where were the homes to send them to? 'Try us,' said Leigh, who, you know, Polly, is a Friend. And the Captain resolved to try them. Leigh had proposed that they should

make the first attempt in her own town. And so, one morning in the May of 1881, the Captain, Leigh and two Indian boys, set out prospecting. And, truly, no searchers for gold were ever more eager for success than were these two whose hearts were set upon the uplifting of a race. However much anxiety as to what was to be done with them the boys may have felt, you know Indians well enough by this time, Polly, to be sure that they presented an imperturbable front to the—well, not enemy, it was to be hoped, but the inspectors."

"Really, Lance, this was a more serious undertaking than it looks now. Haunting thoughts of savages and Indian massacres would rise up, and the poor children get credit for fierceness when they were only frightened."

"That's true," answered Lance, with a smile. "But although the townspeople here were at the very first uneasy at the proximity of the Indians, Friendly serenity was not so readily ruffled." Polly was looking at her earnestly, too eager for the next words to interrupt her by further comment. "It was Thursday morning," Lance went on, "that this party of four started off prospecting. And, strangely enough, they went to the very county from which John Woolman had gone forth upon his mission to the Indians.

"A short walk after leaving the train brought

them to the simple house of worship. The week-day religious exercises of the society were over; but the appeal for the Indians could not be made at once, for a matter of business was before the meeting. The strangers walked up the broad aisle which ran the length of the room and divided the congregation, not according to the price of pews, nor by families, but by sex, and seated themselves, Leigh among the women, the Captain and the two Indian boys nearer to the front and with the men, where they waited until the business under discussion should be ended. But this business, which had at first seemed an affair of moments, went on and on without any prospect of getting itself ended. When one thinks of it, the contrast between war and peace could not have been better represented in an absolutely simple way than was done in this scene. There was the one side eager, incisive, impatient, having swept its vanquished across a continent and chafing to dispose of them according to the rights of the victor; and there was the other full of the sleepy deliberateness of long and prosperous peace and the inertia of a community in which one's grandfather and great-grandfather have lived and died in the house that one has always lived in one's self. Here was the dissimilarity, superficial but very marked. As to the likeness, which ran deeper, these people were of the sect that first upon this continent taught by

example that humanity is a bond of brotherhood above race distinctions, while the victims of war were to the soldier like his own children in the care he had for their future. Was there a deeper likeness than even this, which, on one side, was tradition rather than experience? Was there, under all differences, still another affinity that promised to make the sword and broadbrim co-workers? For a time, at least, that morning, it would have looked to any stranger as if that assembly would hardly rise to the height of a great occasion. The Captain listened at first with an amused wonder to the people in whose lives there was such sense of leisure that they would take more than five minutes to discuss a question of expenditure so trifling as to amount to only a few dollars. One person suggested one method, another member another, but in all that assembly of well-to-do people nobody rose and offered to pay the money himself, so that he might get home to attend to his business. But even in his impatience the Captain perceived that this was not through penuriousness, but through an inconceivable attention to minutia; the thing must be done only by rules long ago laid down — no innovations. But this excess of the sense of leisure was beginning to be hard upon him.

"At length he glanced at Leigh. You can imagine her expression, Polly — every feature set-

tled into demure attention, and the flash in her eyes as she looked back — inimitable! But there was assurance in her fun — she's not the kind to find fun in failure. For a time the front of battle remained unchanged. At last, however, the Captain's turn came. He rose, and presented the cause of the Indians with a practicalness that not one of them could have excelled, and with a directness that they could not have equaled. And he carried his audience. As he spoke he could see faces lighting with assent and pleasure; for he did not forget to refer to their old, disregarded policy and to ask them now to prove its wisdom. At the close of his address he had made places for more than the two boys whom he had with him that day. As he stood afterward answering questions and listening to the comments upon the Indian boys and the questions put to them, he realized that this same business minuteness which had just been wearying him was the very quality that would be most useful in the work he was offering them. For, you see, Polly, the Indians do not need to be taught speech, except how to use the English language — they are a nation of orators; they do not need to be taught courage and the power to defend themselves, for they have been keeping a nation at bay for two centuries; but they do need, above all things except an enlightened conscience, to be taught how to earn

dollars and cents, and how to use them when they have been earned; also, how not to use them. Now, here were these people looking at an Indian boy exactly as if he were white, with not even a suggestion that this view was odd, and holding out to him the plow or the seed to sow in the furrow, ready, if he would make himself useful, to pay him his wages, and, whether he were an Indian or a Hottentot, to treat him like a man and a brother."

"But if they get on as fast as that," said Polly, "the next generation will be asking, 'What was that Indian question, anyhow?'"

CHAPTER XVII.

BY THE WAY.

LOOK at our girls across the way," said Minerva—"a quartet while Miss Blatchley is here. I wish they'd all stay."

"How can three of them help it?" laughed Lance.

"It's all very well to say that they live here; but what with boarding-school and visiting, we are always missing somebody. It's all right, of course; only the consequence is, that the sight of four pretty girls all in a row, row, row, and all white, rather turns my head."

"That's what you meant when you said you nearly lost your balance last night?" inquired Trix.

"Poor child!" remarked Minerva, looking her over compassionately.

"They are going into the office," said Trix. "Polly's mailing a letter to that young friend of hers who dropped down upon us with such pressing business in Carlisle. How's that affair progressing, Lance?"

"The Carlisle business? I don't know. He didn't tell me anything about it."

"It's come to the point of requiring mystery, has it?"

"Its present state doesn't alarm me, and as to the future, I don't know enough to tell what is on the cards."

"Lance's ignorances do come in the most tantalizing places," observed Theodora.

"It's unavoidable, Theodora. I have to keep in practice for those 'to-be-continued-in-our-nexsts', you see."

The talk went on, but Lance was silent until Trix asked her what she was watching.

"Lilian, as she stood holding the door open for the others. There is something of the white lily about her—a beautiful sweetness of nature; she has the loving word, the gentle touch, the smile like a soft radiance; she is the one who likes to do the things that other people don't care to do. I shall always remember the first time I saw her; it was the evening that I arrived here, and she came to my room. As she stood in the doorway, with her soft hair blown about her face by her run in the wind, smiling a little, and giving the message as if its courtesy chimed in with her own wishes, she looked to me like an ideal of girlhood—as if she had stepped out of one of those dear old stories that are too real ever to grow antiqua-

ted. In my strangeness I couldn't bear to have her vanish."

"True of her, Lance. As to the one beside her, there's infinite tact there," remarked Minerva.

"Yes, and plenty of witchery, and a future, too, for her, all ready to flush rose color under her brush."

Materna's eyes turned upon the speaker gratefully. It was impossible that this praise should not come closest to her. "As to that other one of our girls," went on Minerva, her head slightly bent in that judicial attitude which proved her right to her name, "I'm not so clear as to her; there's a certain uncertainty in the cards, and I rather suspect" (and here a fine dimple came out) "that the nest-building is going to delay somewhat the working out of the aspirations."

"Time enough for those," returned Lance. "They'll only get a deeper root. But the children have come out again. Where are they going? I see now—into town."

"The children!" laughed Minerva. "Where did you get that?"

"I invented the term, of course."

"I must go and invent some more occupation for my children—my adopted children," said Materna, quitting the room after a word with Minerva.

"And me, too," cried Trix.

And with this the little group of workers, whom chance had brought together for the moment, dispersed. This is the way at Carlisle; the fun comes in snatches, but none of it goes by unperceived. The jesting word, the retort, the gay laugh, all find place here; for the work brings every faculty into action, and wits play upon each other, brightening the faces as in the old comparison where a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend as iron sharpeneth iron. Polly often went to Lance with "Leigh's latest," or a speech of Trix's, or Jason's last retort, or Vesta's delightful way of telling a story, or Minerva's original points of view.

Polly had been mailing a letter, but Trix was mistaken in her belief that it was to Tony Hathaway. But that evening's post brought her one from him. She was thinking it over, and thinking him over, as she sat in her room, the letter, which she had been reading over a second time, lying in her lap. Tony Hathaway was certainly a very vigorous correspondent; and Polly was deliberating on the subject. He must be toned down, of course, but how much? "Shall I let him write me one letter for two that he writes now, or two for three?" she laughed. Yet, for all her amused way of putting it, the girl was uncertain, and indecision was not a quality that Polly enjoyed in herself; she appreciated it in others because it was a

valuable aid in leading them to adopt wise outside suggestions. The strength of her own predilection was an affair, however, which at present did not weigh heavily upon her; how much it would do so in the future she left it to the future to determine. At any rate, it would be Mr. Hathaway's turn first. What perplexed her now was, that she did not know how much he meant, not in regard to herself, but as to things in general that they talked about; what was reality in him, and what was—the girl hesitated to call it policy only because this implied herself of too much importance. She reasoned out her case clearly enough; and yet in a few moments she read over once more a part of the letter, and as she did so the color which the first glance at the paragraph had brought to her face came stealing faintly back again. Well, yes, she thought that probably Mr. Hathaway really did mean the part about herself. But, anyway, what did it matter? Except that, of course, it was all right, and such things were pleasant enough. And, then, Polly knew what she was going to do.

Having come to this conclusion, the light clouds of her tribulations fled back, leaving the prospect clear enough, and she began to plan out in detail this thing which she was going to do. And when, a few minutes later, Lance came into the room, the girl's eyes were sparkling with eager-

ness. She could find some work for Mr. Hathaway if he were as ready for it as he seemed.

"You've not forgotten that it's Thursday evening?" said her friend. "We're going to have a good time to-night. Vesta is to be there, and Pauline, besides our usual company and some of the occasinals. We shall have music; Cecilia and Grace will give us duets, Aurora will sing, and Manlius is here this evening—he will accompany on the flute. He is very fond of—music. Then, I shouldn't wonder if you played, Polly."

"No," said the girl, decidedly.

"Not if the Captain asks you too? Not after Comanche?"

"Oh, Comanche! Yes; I couldn't help doing it then. I shouldn't want to help it. Oh, Lance, it was just splendid!" And she laughed out at the recollection. "We went like the wind itself; the snow flew all about the cutter. Why, I held my breath, and then once I cried out with delight. Vesta laughed and laughed to see me so wild over it. It's not that I've never tried fast horses—but this one!" She came up to her friend impressively. "Lance, I do understand a good deal of the enthusiasm there must be in this work, in spite of the drudgery of it; but I could not, no, I *could* not, stay in that office all day long and every day if I owned Comanche. Really, I'm not joking."

Lance laughed out. "So you've found your limitations? I'm glad you enjoyed your drive, however. Vesta told me you seemed in the mood for it."

Thursdays were the club evenings. The members were entertainers in turn. Usually there was music, and good music, too. There was more or less conversation, and sometimes there were games. These called for quick wits, and were entered into with a spirit that brought plenty of fun. But the meetings were generally small—so many people had letters to write, or found some necessary work still unfinished, or had some visitor, perhaps a dusky one, who needed attention.

"Pauline was telling me this evening," said Polly, when she and Lance were again in their own room, "about the little fellow that she had in charge a few weeks three years ago. It was just before exhibition, you remember, when there had been talk of some Japanese visitors coming. One night Pauline heard a singular disturbance in her pantry. The doctor assured her it came from rats; but she couldn't believe it. It really came from the small new-comer, who was helping himself to dainties. 'What are you doing here?' the doctor called, severely. The child had not been long at Carlisle, or he would not have considered the pantry his province. He was very much of a bud himself, but his excuses were full-blown. He

put his saucy little head out of its hiding-place, and in his broken English explained that he was looking for the Japanese!"

"Dolores did hit you off pretty well, Lance, when we five were sitting it out just now over the embers," began the girl a few minutes afterward.

"Dolores is one of the most brilliant women in the garrison," answered the other. "Her teaching is remarkable, and this is saying a great deal in a place where none of that falls to mediocrity. But she puts everything so originally that you have to remember it. She does it in the school-room and out of it."

"At least I sha'n't forget her picture of you sitting in your hammock," laughed Polly, "and her coming by the window and peeping in and not daring to speak and tell you how delightfully attractive that air of perfect idleness was, lest she should interrupt the 'unconscious cerebration' that she has such a respect for, since she's sure it's a great deal the easiest kind."

"It was very good," returned Lance, with a smile that deepened as she moved about the room drawing the curtains and preparing for the night.

"You heard that story at the breakfast-table this morning?" Polly added, after a pause. The two had been sitting over a fire on the hearth, with which Lance had supplemented the steam, which that day had taken its own sweet will and

appeared to be trying to warm out-of-doors, in which attempt it had ignominiously failed. As she spoke she looked up at Lance, who came and stood beside her.

"What one?" asked the latter.

"It was after they had been talking over our storm, and came to blizzards," answered the girl.

"Yes, I remember."

"The whole thing is a picture to me," Polly went on. "I can see that awful snow whirling and blinding, and seeming to be always coming faster and faster, and every step of the way danger and every moment's delay bringing death nearer; and women and children, the officers' families, in the wagons, crawling through it to the shelter that they might never reach. And you remember, Lance, how the officer in charge spurred away on some pretext and saved himself, and left them to follow as they could. But the soldiers stood by; there was no traitor among them. And then, when the storm grew worse, the horses in one of the wagons so nearly gave out that they had to drop to the rear, and could go at only a walk. There was no room for the lady and her children in the other wagons. I can hear her crying out, 'Don't leave me here to die', and hear Vesta answering, 'No, we won't leave you. I will keep just in front; I won't go faster than you can follow on; I will never desert you'. It didn't

seem anything to her, Lance, except as one of the stories of Western life and army life. But I've been all day going over and over that scene." Her listener said nothing, and after a silence Polly went on, her voice deepening: "Lance, it has shown me something about this whole work; it was just the spirit that stood by and would never desert, that fed the strength to undertake it; and now, too."

Lance looked up at her suddenly, surprised.

"Yes; but *you* to see it, Polly, and so quickly!"

Polly put her head a little on one side and gazed at the earnest face opposite her.

"Oh, now, Lance, I'm not so stupid as I look!"

It was a week later that she read her friend the following story, which she assured her that she had picked up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NETTIE'S EXPERIENCE.

A IN'T much of a hand to talk, anyhow."
"But thee hasn't tried her in the Injun."
And the second speaker laughed.

"That's so," responded the other. "But she's a pretty good hand to work when she knows what's wanted of her, which isn't always. Yes, Nettie, that's right; I'm a-comin'." And the woman vanished from the doorway, where she had stopped a moment to exchange opinions with James, the head man on the farm, and, whisking into the kitchen, bent over the fire to examine the state of her custards. "That's just right; that's just when I told you to call me. You're doin' well, Nettie. Do you know what I'm sayin'?"

The child at her elbow smiled; for what tongue is there in which praise cannot make itself felt? It surely belongs to the heart-language. The truth was, however, that this Indian girl understood her companion, except when the latter was excited by her subject, and forgot to speak distinctly and simply. On baking days she gener-

ally did forget this, and Nettie would have especially dreaded them, only, Hannah cooked so well, and never forgot that girls liked nice things.

Nettie Atsyé had been three weeks in her new place. At first Carlisle had seemed to her very far away, although it was not a hundred miles off. But she had no means of comparing distances, for it was two years since she had come from the West, and upon that journey she had felt so strange and so frightened that it had seemed to her too long to count the days. Yet she remembered how, in spite of her fear, she had liked to sit in the seat so still and watch the country running away from the windows; it never had done so from anything that she had been in before; but she had had only one experience of other motion than that upon her own feet, and this was in a wagon driven by an Indian. Nettie supposed that the trees and the ground had not been afraid of him, for they must be so used to Indians. She could not have asked questions then if she had been disposed to do it, and since coming to Carlisle she had forgotten this wonderful phenomenon until this second ride. Minerva, who had brought her here, would have explained it to her if she had asked then. But Indians are not strong upon interrogation points, and this one was no exception.

That morning Hannah watched her a moment

standing at the sink washing the dishes in which the many good things now baking and waiting to be baked had been prepared; she was about to speak again when the door opened and the mistress of the house came in. "Them custards are done to a turn, Ann," began Hannah, instantly diverted to the new-comer, "an' the cake ain't never been lighter. I guess things'll go straight enough, even to her," and she nodded toward the little handmaiden; "though when it comes to waitin' on the table, a little more English wouldn't be bad for her."

"But she's done that before at school. Hasn't thee, Nettie?" And the speaker went up to the child. "Thee has waited on the table at school, Nettie?"

"Yes, ma'am." And the girl looked with confidence at the gentle face which had drawn near to hers. Hannah was kind to her, but she liked best the days when Mrs. Brimmer was in the kitchen, or when she took her about the farm and told her things about the poultry that Nettie was to remember. Nettie was aware that, generally, she did not, but she tried to, and Mrs. Brimmer always was sure that the next time she would remember, for the lady did not forget the two things which she had been told would be needed in case she took an Indian girl—English and patience. And she found that, if Nettie's speech

was often unready and her ears untrained in the language about her, her eyes were never off duty, and that they taught her a great deal.

"She won't have any more sulks, I'm thinkin'," added Hannah, glancing at the two as she hurried about her work.

The first week of Nettie's coming Hannah had told her one morning to bring in a basket of sweetings from the barn. Now, Nettie hadn't the least idea what sweetings were, and though she stood a moment and looked at Hannah, she didn't ask her what she meant; she only made up her own mind that she was required to do something too hard, and that she wouldn't do it. And she didn't; she disappeared. Hannah remarked to Mrs. Brimmer that Nettie was growin' them sweetin's; and then she became absorbed in something else, and for half an hour forgot both apples and Indian. Suddenly she recollect ed the errand she had given, and, hurrying out to the barn, she found the basket rolled on its side as if it had been tossed contemptuously away. But Nettie was not in sight.

"Well, for sakes!" muttered Hannah. "Is them Indian ways? I never s'posed they were noted for humbleness, but this is too bad. James, have you seen that girl?" And Hannah related her grievance. But Nettie was not on the farm or in the orchard. It was not until some one had

suggested her own room that she was found there, sitting on the foot of her bed and looking defiant.

"What's the matter?" began Hannah.

No answer. The two looked at each other in silence for a moment. Then the Indian lips were closed, the Indian face was downcast, the attitude expressed immovability.

"Well, I can't be bothered this way. I've got too much to do." And the woman went down stairs again to her work.

Dinner-time came and went, and so did dinner; and no Nettie. It was not until the middle of the afternoon that Mrs. Brimmer discovered the state of the case. "You'll starve her out if you just let her alone," remonstrated Hannah.

"But she is in my charge, to teach in every way," said the other. "And, then, Hannah, she is a stranger in a strange land."

When she went into Nettie's room Nettie did not look up; but she had been crying, though she tried to hide it. Mrs. Brimmer sat down beside her without a word, until at last the girl glanced at her and met a pair of kind eyes.

"I don't believe, Nettie, thee understood what Hannah told thee to do. Did thee, my dear?"

"No, ma'am." And at the tone the tears stood openly in her eyes. Nettie was only fifteen.

"Thee knows when Hannah is in a hurry she talks fast; and sometimes—not very often—I

don't understand what she says. Supposing that when I didn't, I shouldn't say to her, 'What did thee say, Hannah?' Hasn't thee heard me say that, Nettie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, supposing that, instead of asking her that, I had gone to my room and staid until after dinner, what would thee have thought? Wouldn't thee have said to thyself, 'What makes Mrs. Brimmer do that'?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's just what I'm asking myself about Nettie—'What makes her do so?' What does, Nettie?"

"I don't know, ma'am," answered the girl. It was not that she did not guess at the temper that had guided her; but at present she did not look upon it with favor, even if she had been able to explain it.

"Should thee like to have me do so? Would it make it nice and pleasant in the house if I did, Nettie?"

"No, ma'am."

And in spite of her feelings, the suggestion had in it a certain amusement for the girl.

"If it wouldn't be nice for me, why is it nice for thee to do it?" questioned Mrs. Brimmer, persistently.

Nettie did not answer in words; but she turned

her eyes upon Mrs. Brimmer with an expression of comprehension.

"Now, Nettie, sweetings are apples; thee will find them in the barrel next the great door in the barn, and the basket is just where thee left it. Shouldn't thee like to get the apples for Hannah, and then take thy dinner? It is waiting for thee."

A slight change in expression; no movement. Mrs. Brimmer, who had believed the battle over, sighed inaudibly. And it was virtually won; but experience had not taught her how much longer it takes Indian obedience to get into Indian muscles than it does the white man's to perform the same journey. This does not come so much from dissimilarity of nature as from difference in habits; the Indian is not yet accustomed to traveling by steam.

"Doesn't thee think I would do it if I were in thy place, Nettie?" she insisted.

"Yes, ma'am."

The girl rose, went down stairs, brought in the apples, took her dinner—which was excellent—and never again referred in any way to the day's experience. She never said that she was sorry for her willfulness. But the poultry had never been so well attended to by her as that night, and in other ways she showed that she remembered her lesson. The thing that touched Mrs. Brim-

mer most was a difference in her manner toward the grandchild—a little creature so lovely and so frail that she seemed to be only lent to earth a while. Nettie had held her in admiring awe; but from that day she seemed to feel a right in her, and her guardianship was so unobtrusive and so tender that Mrs. Brimmer watched with a growing fondness the girl whose tones always softened as she spoke to Lura, and whose touch seemed to have an attraction for the dainty little maiden. Things had not turned out as Hannah had prophesied—that the baby wouldn't let the Indian girl within a mile of her. Lura talked to her, Lura asked her questions, and appeared to get answers from her that nobody else could, for she often gave the family stray bits of information concerning her. "Nettie like you, grandma"—she never spoke the Friends' language; "Nettie like to stay here long, long time." Or, "Nettie tell me how she ran in the grass when she was a little girl like me." And Nettie would hear her sometimes, and smile, and feel sure that neither she nor any other little girl had ever been like Lura.

Every summer Mr. and Mrs. Clement came to their cottage a few rods away, and then between the two houses a constant intercourse was kept up, founded on a long-established friendship. Little Lura always went in to Uncle Nat's to breakfast, and many times during the day; and as

it was frequently Nettie's pleasant duty to take care of the child, she was often interviewed by Mr. Clement, who seemed to her nearly as beautiful as he did to Lura. And he deserved their opinions, for they could not have had a gentler catechiser. Mrs. Brimmer declared that Nettie learned the best part of her English from him. Long afterward the girl recalled a conversation with him one morning.

"What tribe do you belong to?" he asked, standing by as she sat with Lura.

"Pawnee," she answered him.

"Ah!" he said; "Pawnee. It's the Pawnees that have been friendly to us so long, and have been treated so badly by the Cheyennes. Did you ever have to run from the Cheyennes, Nettie?"

"I run one time; but I don't know what I run after; my mother pull me; she say 'enemy'; but I too little, I not know then; but I remember. Then the Captain, he say, 'You come to school like white people'. And I come."

"The Captain helps you, and teaches you good things," said her listener. "And you do as he says? You like him?"

The girl lifted her eyes to her questioner in wonder. "The Captain our school father," she answered him, and fell into silence again as if nothing remained to be said.

Mr. Clement, too, was silent a moment; then he added, "You don't have any Cheyennes to trouble you there."

"Yes; Cheyennes," said Nettie. "But they no trouble to us—they are good boys; they not fight, they study books and work in shops. We all study in the same school-room, all same teacher, Cheyenne and Pawnee. And," she added, "the best boy, he Cheyenne."

"Ah!" said Mr. Clement, and he was smiling; "so you are following out the Bible precept as to one's enemies?"

"What, sir?" asked Nettie.

"You're good children to be friends instead of enemies. What's the name of this nicest boy?"

"His name is Richard Dunning. He is out on farm this time; he go out before, he go often; when he come back the people say he must go out again, they must have him. But the Captain he not send him all the time; then people say other boys are good."

"But you don't think they're so good as Richard?"

Nettie waited a moment. "They not have so long study," she answered.

Her listener laughed, a kindness sounding through his amusement. "We none of us like everybody just the same, Nettie, not even if we are Indian."

It was the following week that he sent to Carlisle what he called a "nest-egg" for the child, and a handsome sum to help on the work there.

A month after Nettie's entrance into Mrs. Brimmer's household she wrote:

DEAR SCHOOL FATHER:

I was very glad to hear from thee. I work what Mrs. Brimmer tell me to and I see how Hannah cook. One day she let me cook, she say I cook well and some day she let me cook more. But she move so quick I laugh, but she think I not laugh. She think I have not any fun. She say it. Mrs. Brimmer tell her Nettie must make some bread, and I try, try, try, try, four time, and then I make it good all the people say well done Nettie, and School Father I think I grow tall, I feel big. I feed the hens and when they go into the garden I run, but they run fastest. I make them. I work and I play with Lura, she is very little and have little voice, and she look so pretty. This farm is big, and all the people have work to do, but we have good time. I like farms, I like white people. When I go home I come back, when I grow up I don't stay Indian. I hope all the people are well Carlisle.

From thy school daughter,

NETTIE ATSYE.

Minerva had been right in saying that here Nettie would find herself in clover. While with Mrs. Brimmer she gained in every way, and learned some things which she never forgot. This was her first experience in family life among white people. Child as she was, it made her resolve that it should not be her last.

* * * * *

"I promised to show you the other side of the picture, Polly," said Lance, as the girl finished this story; and as Polly looked at her inquiringly, she added: "I promised to give you, some day, poor Faith Red Heart's experience. I have written it out because I may want to use it. It's here in my desk when you care to see it. The facts came from the Captain himself."

CHAPTER XIX.

BACK TO THE RESERVATION.

FROM the door of the tepee outward to the whole sweep of the horizon, nothing, nothing before the girl who stood there but earth and sky—earth with its wide stretch of dead grass, and scarcely a tree to break the expanse that rolled away to the cliffs in the distance. Far beyond these cliffs her thoughts reached. Behind her lay the Indian village to which she turned only with a shudder. It was in the past, far beyond her sight, that there lay all which her thoughts liked to dwell upon—how far beyond her, and how utterly out of reach that morning!

And was this girl, standing with her face toward the East, and her heart living over her life passed almost on the shore of the Atlantic, a dreaming child to whom the realities of life were oppressive, and fancy and the luxuries of civilization the necessities of existence?

She did not look so; in face and build she showed the pure Indian. The life in which she

was at the moment was that to which she had been born, the only life which she would have known but for the rescuing hand that had carried her to civilization. She had been taken to the East, and educated for three years; she had had three years given to her in which to eradicate from heart and soul the old inheritance of savagery, and it had been a fierce savagery that she had known, for she was a Sioux from the Rosebud Agency. As she stood now, seeing between her and the horizon only the pictures that filled her own mind, one scene in her old, wild life came to her vividly. She had been then a girl of ten, not too young to have a clear recollection of the chiefs and braves who had gone forth to meet the white men that they said were coming to attack them. She remembered her terror of these white men, her pride in the Indian warriors, the terrible fierceness of the faces in their war paint, and especially the face of Sitting Bull, who was the chief. How the women at home had cowered, dreading the results of the battle, defeat in which was to make slaves of them, they said. How they had rejoiced in the victory, and she among them — in that slaughter which had filled the country with horror as the news of the massacre of General Custer and his command reached it!

It was three years afterward that she had been taken to Carlisle. This was the sort of captivity

that the children had had to fear; all that she could complain of was that she had not had enough of it. She was back again among her own people; she had come home in June. It was now the end of October.

And the pride of race, old inheritance, where were they?

But it was true that Faith Red Heart had a fearful reason for realizing the miseries of savagery. She was a clear-headed girl; she had used her opportunities; she had the desire of every human being to live out her own life free from the oppression of others. And she had come into contact with the most fearful of savage customs, the custom that would bind her hopelessly to the old life. The Government had sent her, or had permitted her to be called, back—what difference? These children were to be the leaven to leaven the whole mass of the Indian population; these children, after a few years of right living, were to teach it to their parents, who looked for obedience from them as the first duty of children. At Carlisle they had not wanted her to come away; they had yielded only to the law and the demand of her parents.

But she was here.

In all the horizon before her there appeared no help, and behind her—she turned her eyes to the sky with a dumb despair, a bitterness that

had gone beyond words. When she looked down, a scorn came into her face; she passed her hand over her elbow twice, as if repelling something loathsome to her.

But what was the use of pushing off a touch, if one could even get rid of the memory of it, when it would come again, when it would rule her life and she would have no escape? For Niconzah had been leaving his ponies at the door of her father's tepee. As soon as he had come up to the requisite number (she was reckoned as worth one hundred) the business would be settled—this business in which she had no voice. She would be given to Niconzah as his wife; she would have to go to his home; she would be an Indian among Indians. She would remember the years of different life that she had had, and the memory would only make her present lot harder. No doubt her tepee would be neater than those of women who had never known different things; but there would be no home with Niconzah in it. There would be no use in her trying; for every lesson that she might be able to give him there were hundreds to laugh at him, to tell him that he was squaw-ridden. And Niconzah would not learn; he loved the old life. He seemed to Faith nearer brute than human. The afternoon before, he had come up to her as she was standing a little apart, with her eyes turned from the sight of him

and her heart hundreds of miles away. He had not meant disrespect, he had felt admiration; he had told her of his prowess and of his good home; he had promised that she should be his only wife; and he had laid his hand upon her arm and had looked at her approvingly. For only a moment, though. He! It had been Faith's first realization of the horror before her—the horror of spending her life with him. She had drawn away with an expression that had made Niconzah's eyes flash with fury, and between his teeth he had muttered a threat that boded no good to Faith's future. But she did not hear him, for between them there rose faces that she loved, faces into which the new life had already put new force and expression.

Had she no savior? If she appealed to her father?

She had done it. He would have yielded to her wish and refused Niconzah, even if by doing it he had angered this haughty brave beyond forgiveness. But Faith had a brother, a brave, a big man, a bully and a tyrant, and his father stood in awe of him. It was he who encouraged Niconzah, it was he from whom Faith had no escape, out here in the reservation, where muscles ruled.

Could she appeal to Niconzah?

She had tried this; she had said: "Niconzah, I do not love you; I shall not make you a good

wife. I shall not marry anybody," she had added at the scowl upon his face.

But he had been only the more eager on account of her reluctance.

There was only one way to avoid him—she could die. But Faith loved life. When she had left Carlisle, in spite of her sorrow at coming away, she had believed that at the reservation she had only to show forth the better life to have it admired and followed. But how could she show it forth? Words were nothing. And what could one person do, and that one a girl, in an Indian encampment? If she had been of another race, it would have strengthened her hands; or, if she had lived all her life in civilization, it would have given her more influence. But here everybody remembered her, and perceived in her the remnants of Indian ways, and failed to recognize that more time would have worn away the greater part of these, and that already her heart had changed. Yet she was accused of no longer loving her people. She did love her parents, but how could it be right to love customs that the God whom she had been taught to worship abhorred? Cruelty and sin—were these for her reverence? Poor Faith! with less heart and less logic life would have been easier for her then.

She knew girls and young men who had come back from Carlisle. Some were upon this reser-

vation. A good number had fallen back into the old ways; she saw these sometimes, and a look on their faces haunted her, a look as if they did not want to remember. This was the way she was going to look when she had become Niconzah's wife, or what the Indians call wife—a woman whose rights may be at any time usurped, a woman who is only a slave. She could be Niconzah's companion only by sinking to his level. She would not do this; she would remember and suffer.

There were some here from the school who had not backslidden; these cases were chiefly, though not always, where there were two together, where they had married and one sustained the other; some of these were doing very well. But they were not advancing, except in the strength that comes from resisting evil, which Faith realized was a great deal. Still, she had known some of these pupils in their studies; she knew that they might have ranked with well-trained white people if they had been able to have the same training; that then they would not have been pointed out as grand exceptions to their race, but accepted as specimens of it; that they would have brought about a new faith in the Indian, and that they would have helped far more there than here to break down the reservations. Faith did not reason out all these things, but, with a woman's per-

ception quickened by the excitement and pain of her situation, she felt them with a keenness that some day would find its way into speech if she should ever have the training necessary to turn force into words—a training not by any means altogether in books, but in a life different from this drudgery and misery that lay before her.

Every faculty was roused. Could she run away, get back to school, and beg to have the Government give her a right to stay there? How far could she run with her brother's eyes constantly upon her? If she wrote, how could she take her letter to the agency? Or whom could she trust with it? And, then, her fate was so near; she would be sent to Niconzah's tepee long before any help could reach her.

In vain she scanned the horizon; in vain she looked into the sky; she saw nothing; there fell to her no promise of salvation.

But was it all in vain? Two hours later one of her companions came into her tepee, where Faith was then at work doing her best to reform her own home. She brought news at which the girl's heart gave a great leap of relief and delight. But could it be true? She could only wait and see. Yet, suddenly, her will grew iron; she would resist her brother to the death. And she should have help. Yes, this must mean that the Lord had not forgotten her.

Still, it was too good ; she was so afraid lest it was not true.

It was the third day from her learning the news upon which her fate might hang. Faith had been to the other end of the village, and, returning, heard men talking in her father's tepee. She heard her father's voice, and another that she knew well. Did she dare to believe it ? Had the Captain, in his search for pupils, come for her ? She went into the tepee.

He was there—the School Father. Once, at inspection, she had heard him say of her to a visitor, that she was one of his oldest daughters.

As she came in he greeted her, and asked her if she would not like to go back to Carlisle with him.

And Faith, her heart beating with a joy that was choking her, trembling, and with a mist before her eyes, answered him, "Yes, sir," as quietly as if, instead of having saved her from worse than death, he had only asked her the simplest question.

The old Indian muttered something about his son's wrath. But the Captain was looking at Faith, smiling at her, and seeming satisfied. "Your father is willing, Faith," he said ; "get ready at once."

The girl lifted her head with new confidence ; already she seemed to be once more at Carlisle. "Yes, sir," she answered him again.

But her father demurred. Faith could be sent

to the agency in a few days; she should be there before the Captain started for Carlisle.

The Captain measured the man before him; he remembered the remark about the brother, which he had not seemed to notice. "No," he said; "I'll take her with me now."

Faith did not trifle with her opportunity; she needed no hurrying. She had on already her hat and her cloak; she gathered her small wardrobe into the valise that she had always at hand, and stood ready.

Her father followed them out of the tepee with threats of the brother; he felt it necessary to have some one upon whom to shift the responsibility. He saw that the Captain did not fear it, that he did not know with whom he would have to deal. He hoped that it would also devolve upon the Captain to tell Faith's brother.

It did. He and Faith were on their way to the agency when a wagon with an Indian in it came whirling down the road toward them. Faith looked, and shrank away; but she said nothing.

Opposite them the wagon stopped. The huge, fierce Indian pointed at Faith, and, with threats that he seemed about to enforce, demanded that she be given up to him. The girl sat motionless; she did not see how this could be resisted; she felt a woman's fear of these giant muscles; the force that had seized upon her would do it again.

There was the Captain; but Faith believed that her brother would rather kill him than give her up. His heart was set upon those hundred ponies; he would have them. No maiden in the olden times, when the stronger sword decided her destiny, ever waited in more helpless terror the issue of battle.

The world grows old, it is true, but youth is immortal. The helmet, the trappings of chivalry, are things of the past; the iron horse has taken the place of the prancing steed; but, thank heaven! the knightly lance is still couched, and the deliverers of the oppressed have not gone out of date with the days of romance. The Captain's indignation rose to fever heat. This man was to him the embodiment of all that was degrading, hateful, loathsome, in the existence he had devoted his life to sweep away from the land. As the two men met face to face, it was the nature of each that sprang to the encounter, and it proved to be with the sword of the spirit that the man, rescuing a human life for its best opportunities, struck at its destroyer.

The Indian, savage as he was, was helpless under the trenchant words enforced by flashing eyes, and, as he well knew, ready, if need be, to be backed by an arm that did not miss its aim. But the arguments convinced him; he did not demand their enforcement.

At last he drove away. On his return home he was met by his father's defense. Why, then, had he not brought Faith back if it was so easy to resist this man who was bound to civilize them whether they would or not?

After her brother had gone, the Captain turned round to the girl. Something in her face made him change what he was about to say into a question. "Were you afraid, Faith?" he asked.

"Not now, sir," she answered.

"There was no danger," he said.

But he was not born with the power of resting in a victory. He began again to think of the young men rusting out in idleness upon these reservations, of the girls whom he could not save as he had saved Faith, and to plan out how he could make his work sweep in more.

Faith Red Heart is still a member of the Carlisle School; she is sometimes there, often in some home to which she is sent, but always cheerful, always full of a silent purpose.

Is that purpose to go back to her reservation?

CHAPTER XX.

UPWARD.

DEAR MRS. ASCOTT:

I was having a party in my room yesterday afternoon, when Honor came in. It wasn't as large as some of your parties, but it quite filled Lance's center-table. She had retreated to the office, and left me monarch of all I surveyed—no, not quite; I'm afraid that some of the people there would have disputed any claim I might have set up to the little ones sitting about me, tasting my cakes as if they were ambrosia and watching the cambric tea poured out of my pretty teapot (bought in town) as eagerly as if I were offering them nectar, while, not to disappoint them too much, I made up deficiencies with lumps of sugar. There sat Richenda, dividing her fascination between her earnest eyes and the occasional smile, half shy, half wise; there was Johnny, wide awake and sure to find out if you wanted anything done, and to offer to do it; and Lida, her radiant satisfaction veiled by unsleeping solicitude for Jack, who

could never have been too small to sit erect in his chair, or too young to struggle to express his ideas; there was Don, firing his questions as straight as Indian arrows; Herbert, fervent in his tenderness and his rages; Irene, with her golden hair and the baby light in her eyes; there, too, was Sichu, with her Indian face and jet black hair, as full as any of them of child's glee and of sweetness; Dot, the little Pueblo, brimming over with drollery; and another little maid, with kinky hair and bright little face, the child of the Captain's colored man—I've forgotten her name, but not her beaming satisfaction. I felt as if some fairy had gathered my guests for me from the three quarters of the world. Wit and wisdom were not wanting in my party, and I was having a happy time when Honor came in. She was going away again, but I begged her to stay.

Nobody can appreciate enjoyment more than Honor. But then, though she talked a little, and smiled, she could not quite keep the tears from her eyes. She went away soon, promising to come back again; and so, after my little guests had gone, she came back.

And then she told me the story of one of the boys in the hospital.

It was one day in the autumn of 1884 that a little fellow of about eleven stood, the very picture of rage, before his teacher. His face was

flushed, his eyes flashing, his speech, when emotion did not render it unintelligible, full of passionate defiance. So strong in indignation, so helpless in action, he stood, that pity for him would have mingled with the disapprobation that any witness must have felt. The school had been dismissed; his teacher and he were alone together. There was more grief than displeasure in her face. She saw that the child did not yet comprehend the new ways into which he had come only six months before, and that his imperfect knowledge of English often made expression difficult to him, especially when he was troubled, and so roused him still more. She had noticed and liked him from the very first, from that day when he had come into the barracks with the other new pupils from the San Carlos Agency. What a set they were, those Apaches! so strange and wild in dress, for only a few had been at the Agency school; so forlorn, so frightened under the fierceness that strove to hide this; so homesick at first, and afterward so sleek, so well clad, so growing in contentment and in knowledge. No magic wand had ever wrought such transformation, for no fairy had ever power to be as beneficent as civilization.

But among them all Arthur had held his head highest, and been least accessible and most difficult to manage. She did not know whether he

was the son of a chief; but if he had had the blood of all the Howards in his veins, he could not have been more haughty. Theodora understood the source of his troubles; she was sure that no child born of centuries of culture had ever been endowed with a more sensitive organization than had this little savage whom, according to her belief, the Lord had sent to Carlisle that the beauty at the foundation of such a nature might be brought out, that the heat of his feelings, over which the lambent flames of shyness and sudden angers played constantly, might be steadied into the glow of devotion to God and love to men. She believed also that at present, since the child had been given so largely into her care, this work was meant for her. No doubt this belief cleared her vision as to Arthur's possibilities. And, in addition to this, all children are dear to Theodora. One needs only to be in the habit of visiting her to find it out; to see the little ones about her, and their beautiful confidence that the petting they get is as pleasant to her to give as to them to receive. And, then, daughter of one of the managers of the underground railroad, in those days in which to help the negro meant to bar one's own way to fortune, she could scarcely have helped feeling a greater tenderness for the child of an outcast race.

She sat watching the boy in silence for a few

moments, trying to catch his stifled and imperfect words. Then she put out her hand and drew him, unwilling, up close beside her, so that the two faces looked full into each other.

"Well, Arthur, my little thunder-cloud, what is it that troubles you now? Who is it he thinks has hurt him, when everybody, from the Captain to the least of us, is trying to make him happy?"

"He look at me," cried the boy. "He look, and look, and look; he mean bad; I not like that. I hate him."

"Who?" asked Theodora. But it took careful questioning to bring out the fact that one of the visitors that day had stared at Arthur with the interest which, later, his speech to Theodora had explained. She laughed reassuringly, and answered the child: "He said he thought you learned your lessons very fast, and must be a very good boy, Arthur; you remember he heard you read, and I told him how little while ago it was that you could not speak any English at all. He did not want to hurt you; he liked you."

An intense wonder overspread the child's face, and a deep flush; then the head, that at the praise had been lifted as if to receive a crown, drooped lower than ever.

"I not good boy," he said, very low.

"But you are going to be," returned Theodora, with her arm about him.

This was an example of the child's behavior. Only those who understood him loved him; to the others it seemed as if the Apache nature were strong in him. And yet it was not savagery, but the infirmities of a nature full of aspiration and of intense desire for approval and affection.

In a year he had gained so much in English and in his studies and in general information, that the captain resolved to send him out upon a farm for a few months into one of the families who had employed Indian boys before and liked them. He hoped that in the new life the boy would learn self-control.

But Arthur did not stay long. His haughty spirit wrought for him there the same mischief that it had done in school, and there he did not have the words in the chapel, the teachings and the warnings that, in spite of their seeming powerlessness over him, were lying deep in his heart, and he did not have his teacher's comprehending watchfulness. For although he had been transferred from Theodora's room, the same spirit had followed him.

The next year he was again sent out. But his record was not perfect; he was very bright, but his temper was reported bad; he was still the little thunder-cloud.

When he returned he had fallen back in some of his studies, and was once more put into Theo-

dora's room. She saw a change, and the struggle for control over himself.

Soon the boy's new spirit was evident, and as the year went on he gained still more. Now the flushed face and flashing eyes did not herald furious words. Instead, the lips would close tightly, and the little Apache would fight his silent battle, with Heaven and the sympathy of his watchers to help him, and win victories that men born of generations of Christian parents could not have excelled. Usually he won now; but when he did not, and the old rage flamed out for a moment, what sorrow, what penitence and new resolve, what prayer that God would give him more of the strength he wanted!

This was his last year at school; in it he was brighter, more lovable than ever. It seemed to those watching him as if the world of great possibilities were opening to him.

Yes; but not here. Weeks of patient endurance of illness in the hospital, of sweetness to all who came to minister to him, of waiting for the time when he should grow stronger, and then it became the hard duty of some one to tell him that this could never be. He looked up in surprise.

"It's just like I prayed and prayed, and God promised me when the leaves come out on the trees I'd get well," he said.

"God keeps his promises, Arthur, and He is going to make you well. But not in this world."

"Do you mean I'm going to die?" he asked.

"Yes," Theodora answered him, softly.

The boy closed his eyes in silence a few moments, and then he said, "If it's God's will I'd get well, I'd be glad; if it's His will I die, it's all right."

After this it was invariably with him, "Just as God says." Once he said to Theodora, "It's just like I was in heaven and saw God." "What was it like, Arthur?" she asked. "I can't tell you," he answered. "I don't know how; it is so beautiful, so beautiful!"

He wanted to be baptized. It was from the scene of his baptism that Honor had come. She told me of the minister, a man whose life had made his white hairs honored, bending over the boy with reverent tenderness, as if the child so near his immortal home had already entered into mysteries hidden from those not within the gates. The simple questions put to him, his earnest answers, his faith, his rest in a love that was strong enough for his craving little heart, the simple rite, always so solemn, and so sacred now—Honor told them all to me. She told me, too, of the few who stood about his bedside: the doctor, his tender ministrations ended here, his face full of the sympathy that always brought him pain

in the presence of suffering; the school father, watching Arthur's wan face with a look that the boy, catching by a sudden turning of his eyes, responded to by an exquisite smile; Theodora, at the child's pillow, filled with the sense of standing at the gate of heaven, and once, when emotion must have some word, saying under her breath to the Captain that this, and this alone, was worth all the labor of his work, and meeting his silent assent.

Honor told me also of the few others who stood there learning from the Indian boy a more wonderful lesson than they had ever been able to teach him, and yet knowing that the growth came from seed of their sowing and their tending, with God's increase.

It was not until the next morning that Arthur died.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INDIAN WEDDING.

NATALIE sat with her head bent and the warm color suffusing her face. She was thinking of Capea's words, of his asking her to be his wife. She could not remember a time when she had not loved him, yet she had not dared to believe that he would ever care about her. In the old days she, a child, had watched him; she remembered that she had prophesied his success, but she had no idea of anything like this; she had known nothing of the future before her race—hers and Capea's. How wonderful it was that, without battle, the Indians were going to gain, not only what they had lost, but more than they had ever possessed even in the old days when other tribes alone, and not the white man, had beaten them back—a reservation without other walls than the horizon, and upon which they might travel, if they liked, until they reached this! This was the way in which Capea had put

it one day, and Natalie had laughed, for she had studied geography, and the limit of the horizon did not seem narrow to her.

Capea had spoken to the Captain three months before. She and Capea were to be married at the school; theirs would be the first Indian wedding there. Everybody was interested; and Natalie's Indian nature was no more averse to being a center of interest than if she had been white.

It was true there was a bitter drop in her cup. Capea could not see that it would be better for him to stay at the East—no, it was not this, for he probably did see that it would be for his personal advantage. But he was thinking only of his tribe; he had resolved to go back, and nothing would change him. Of course, no life could help being happy beside Capea. But as Natalie sat sewing her pretty wedding gown and thinking of the people about her, civilization had never seemed so dear. She knew that it was dear also to Capea, that he wanted to help his people to learn it.

Voices and steps drew near, and soon she was talking with her mates.

Natalie was not the only person who regretted Capea's decision. It was the June of 1882. In the three years at Carlisle Capea had endeared himself to all the school; and not only his nobility and his eagerness for improvement, but the

power in him, would be missed. His influence over the other Indians was unusual, whether by speech or example; and by his words, because his life accorded with them, he did much for his companions. The Captain knew that anywhere this would be the case; it was not possible to imagine that Capea would fall back into the old ways if the help of numbers were removed from him; he was in himself a tower of strength, a leader and a reformer. And it was upon these very grounds that the Captain had urged him to stay at the East. "When you have studied a little longer, Capea," he said to him, "your influence with the people—for you shall have the opportunity to speak to them—will do a great deal more for your race than you can do single handed, even though this may be a good deal. For when the reservations are opened there will be thousands to help forward the Indians where now there is one. We need you, your life and your words, to open them the sooner."

"You say true, Captain," the young man had answered; "the best we Indians can do is to show ourselves civilized, and to take business and study like other men, as you tell us. But, for me, I promised my father always to take charge of my people. When he die, he say, 'Capea keep his promise.' I must go. Some day I come back, and bring others with me." Wher-

ever Capea went he would carry good with him. There was nothing left but to bid him godspeed.

It was on the seventeenth of June that he and Natalie were married, all the Indian pupils looking on at the ceremony as at a spectacle new to them, but few comprehending then that in the sacredness of this tie lay their emancipation from the savage present, their hope of the liberty of civilized life.

"I think, mamma," wrote Polly, "that there must have been something very solemn in that especial wedding service. I thought that you would like to hear the rest of Capea's story—I mean as far as it has yet gone. After a time he came back from the Indian Territory; he was ill, and he recruited at Carlisle. He had some Government work here; and again the Captain hoped that he would stay, although I don't know whether he ever spoke to him about it; I have not heard. Little Richard was born here. You remember my telling you of the pretty little Kiowa boy with his mother at the Christmas dinner? Now his mother and he have gone back to his father. Capea went first, to get the house ready for them. That was not the Indian way of doing things, was it?

"Capea is doing splendid work there; and there progress is so slow and so hard, but he never flinches. The Government reports mention

his services in the highest terms. He is a grand man, one of those who make you feel how much stronger the living spirit in man is than any race influences. But, indeed, here one feels that all the time. It's one of the places that make the tears come into one's eyes for thankfulness at belonging to the nineteenth century.

"Yes, I am really coming home 'some time', but not quite yet, please.

"Still, I'm your own loving daughter,

POLLY

who once in a while does want to see you and papa dreadfully, to talk things over!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORY OF THE APACHES.

WHERE did you get all that, Lance? You go through the marches and distresses and starvation and bloodthirsty revenges of the Apaches as if you had seen them yourself. This is too real to have come out of a book. Who told it to you?"

"Jason. If you want information, go to him."

"About Indians?"

"Yes; and other things, too. You'll find it hard to bring up a subject that he can't give you some precious bits about. But, to go back, when people talk of civilization destroying the Indians I feel as if I must say to them, 'My dear sir, or madam, supposing that you and others of your race had been raiding over the mountains for years, that you had been hungry all the time, and a good part of it not far from starvation; supposing that you had never had clothes enough to keep you warm, or houses to protect you from the cold, and that, in addition to this, every instinct

of what you in your ignorance believed to be patriotism had been roused to defend the liberties you thought assailed, so that your whole life had been a struggle to protect yourselves and your children, and to avenge the insults and outrages you had received—and a vain struggle; supposing that under these circumstances a generation had been born, some of whom from infancy had shared these hardships, while all had inherited that lowering of vital force which such a struggle brings—in that case, would it be expected that this generation would grow up robust? Yet we wonder that the savages die. We had, somehow, the impression that savages did not die much, except by war; we thought that they ought not to because they live in the open air. But man cannot live on air alone. We count how many die in civilization; but in savagery who keeps the record? All we know is that yesterday there was a certain tribe—and to-day what has become of it? Our poor little Apaches, especially, have to struggle against not only their savagery, but the seeds of disease, results of hardships, born in them. Perhaps that's another reason for our interest; yet they are bright enough to win it by ability alone. They are ready to go out upon farms almost sooner after coming than the others. I mean, of course, than those of the others who come wild. And the life they live there is admi-

rable for them; they have out-of-door air, all the comforts of a home, and the best of food in the greatest variety, and they thrive in every way. You would like to see the boys and girls that in the autumn troop back to school from their summer in the country."

"Happy as most of us after our summerings?"

Lance laughed. "Happier than many, I suspect," she answered. "But they *are* so bright," she went on a moment after; "it is evident enough that they belong to a race of fighters. Well, you remember, Carlisle is, in a way, in the army, too, and doesn't believe in putting down fighting qualities; so we let them keep on fighting, these little 'New Apache' soldiers, only we change the enemy; here they fight their ignorance and conquer their lessons, and you have no idea how much the old spirit helps them. They find here good food, good clothes, as one of the little fellows wrote to his father; encouragement and petting enough, and as to work, the order, 'Right about, march!' They understand this, and, upon the whole, they enjoy it. There is a zest about them, Polly, that makes up for a good many faults, just as you know we forgive people all sorts of unkind things if they never bore us. The Apaches are not stupid; they sweep into the spirit of the place well; they take up the work, and are careful not to let the fun go by them."

"‘If four Apaches cost \$7.10, how much must be paid for one Oneida?’ That’s the example in arithmetic propounded by an Apache girl,’ laughed Polly. “My beloved sister-in-law would ask me if they knew what they were saying, and she wouldn’t believe me if I told her, no matter how solemnly, that they meant a joke. But I’d follow it up with the answer to a question in geography propounded by a teacher, ‘What is the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea full of?’ A chorus of Indian voices responded, ‘Greece.’”

“Where did you get those, Polly?”

“Can’t tell. I’m not going to let you steal my thunder, Lance—though I shall take your hint and go to Jason.”

“Miss Mather had an Indian boy in Florida,” said Lance. “He was an Apache who had been captured in Mexico and sent to Carlisle; and he had been here long enough to like the ways of civilization. One day Miss Mather took him to the Fort—Fort Marion—to see the prisoners. But his disgust seemed to get the better of his race instincts, for he eyed the Apaches with disapprobation, and retreated as far as possible. Miss Mather immediately entered into conversation with one of them. ‘Indian, like you,’ she began, pointing to John; ‘good clothes, clean.’ The Indian looked interested, and tried to examine the boy’s hat. John edged away still further.

After a little more conversation, Miss Mather ordered, ‘John, go and measure that man for some new clothes.’ John stood motionless, with refusal in his face. ‘Go,’ she insisted; ‘go, John; he isn’t fit to be seen.’ The boy obeyed with the greatest reluctance, keeping carefully at arm’s length while doing it. And, in spite of Miss Mather’s efforts, he showed the same temper during the whole of the visit; his only alacrity was upon being told that they were going. As they drove away Miss Mather said to him, ‘Well, John, what do you think of the Indians?’ The boy’s face fell still lower, and he did not answer at first. ‘Umph!’ he grunted finally; ‘glad I don’t belong to such dirty people.’”

“That beautiful Sibyl has gone back to the hospital,” said Polly. “I met Marcia coming from there to-day, and she told me.”

“Yes, I know. Marcia’s special charges are the little ones, but she is fond of Sibyl. Isabel told me about the poor girl several days ago.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why should I?”

Polly was silent a moment. “Is she very ill?” she asked then.

“Not yet. But she is an illustration of the Apache children I was telling you about. There is no stamina. But there is this satisfaction, Polly — whatever can be done to make the journey

easier will be done. Think of toms-toms beating their noisiest, and medicine men's incantations and horrors that we can't even imagine, and no proper bed or food or care of any kind—that is what illness and death on the reservations mean. The doctor has seen it all; he told me about it. He says that the treatment of the ill and the dying there is too horrible to be told except in the hope of making things better."

"Sibyl, I know, has her husband, poor fellow!" said Polly. "But, Lance, it is hard to die away from one's own."

"Yes, and hard for those at home, whether Indian or white. In any case, Polly, death is hard to us, upon the dark side of it." After a silence she added: "There is a tacit understanding here that gives any pupil who may happen to be in the hospital attentions besides the thorough care from the nurse. When pupils go there, the teachers to whose rooms they belong have them in special charge; and visits, readings, books, and little delicacies that are safe for them find their way there. These children do have more affection than you would dream of."

For a few moments neither spoke. Then Lance went on: "But, after all, it is only the few who fall by the way. The story of the Apaches, the 'New Apaches,' has yet to be written. It will never be done tribally; but individuals among

them may bring into our civilization a touch of piquancy that will some day reveal itself in art, or literature, or oratory, for then their graphic power with pencil and lips will have all the force that comes from a new civilization. It will be the product of the virgin soil. But there's the chapel bell. Come, let us get another glimpse of the struggles of the Apaches."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE CHAPEL.

THIS is an exact copy, papa, of a note written by a Kiowa girl of thirteen, whose teacher reproved her for some misdemeanor, but did not punish her:

My dear teacher,

I am very sorry for been a bad girl, I will try to be a good girl next time, I didn't know I was very bad girl until I thought over all I have done yesterday, Dear teacher, I will so very hard to be a good girl next time, I cannot be happy unless you forgive me only this once,

From,

M— N—.

This is the child of savage parents. She has an intense will, great ability, and the greatest pride. She never went to school before coming to Carlisle; and she has been here three years and a half. It puts me in mind of what Mrs. Stowe says—I think it's in her "Seven Little Foxes"—that everybody can be lifted if we can only find the handle to lift him by. Now, as to

the Indians, Carlisle has hold of that handle. They say here of this child that with her it is a constant battle to do right. But, papa, she fights it.

Not long ago we had an Apache evening. If everybody could have watched those boys and girls only about a year removed from the savagery of centuries, could have seen them go upon the stage diffident and dignified and make their recitations in a language new to them and with a spirit sure to conquer in the end — not a far-away end! But since everybody couldn't be here, if only people who call the Apaches cyclones had felt the tempered spiritedness of their dealings, and those who say that they are tigers, had seen their behavior, it would have been a satisfaction. But they are plucky, papa; it is plain enough that they come of a race of soldiers. I understood then better than ever what Lance meant by saying that at Carlisle they merely changed the enemy.

Among other things, one sturdy little Chiricahua recited :

“If you have any thing to do,
Don’t let it daunt you;
For then you’ll be a dunce,
And nobody will want you.”

They all seemed to approve of the sentiment, and so did I.

It's a good part of the enjoyment of an exhibition to watch the Indian children in the audience. They are critics whom nothing escapes; every droll recitation, every gesture, every mistake—all are seen and get their dues.

The reports every Saturday evening bring out the standing of the whole school in certain respects. That of the English-speaking particularly interests me. The girls and the small boys and the large boys have their reports for the week handed in separately. The first two ought to be named first, for their record is almost perfect; time after time I have heard from them the report "no Indian" for the week. The failures are very few indeed; the self-restraint is a superb discipline, as well as a conquest of language that any of us might be proud of. The new-comers, too, fall into line. They are not expected to begin by speaking classical English, but it's wonderful how very soon they can understand to a certain extent, and make themselves understood. They have, when they begin to talk, the foreign way of putting their past participles last. Where do they get it? Ask somebody, papa.

The large boys are not so nearly perfect; they have not begun so early in life as their younger brothers, which makes a difference, and, unlike the girls, they have not the womanly idea that after they have grown up it will still be their fate to

obey, which makes a greater. I am speaking only of the very few who find it particularly hard to—as they put it here—“get the Indian out of them.”

And talking of this has brought me to the whole trend of the work here—the bringing out the feeling of personal responsibility, of the moral sense that demands the right, and needs no other whip than duty. Being in the chapel week after week makes one think of some of the old legends in which one is shown into the laboratory where some great creative force is building up a piece of workmanship that the world will wonder at, and where one gets a glimpse of the mighty energy and the ceaseless toil, and of the inspiration.

Sunday morning, when Sunday School is over, we go into town to church, and many of the pupils go; some are members of different churches there. But in the afternoon the church comes to us. A minister from town, not always the same one, comes out and talks to the Indians. Those simple talks are often the best of sermons, and are especially good at proving that we all need the same lessons.

In the evening the prayer-meeting is usually led by one of the older Indian boys. He reads a chapter, or some portion of Scripture; he says the few words that come to him, and then he waits for the others to speak. Sometimes more quickly,

but often hesitatingly and with pauses between, one and another among the Indians rises to give an expression of his faith. Often it is in only two or three sentences, sometimes in a single one, sometimes by the recitation of a verse of Scripture. Here are no vain repetitions, no words for the sake of words nor the desire to turn one's inmost thoughts to public view, but to confess a belief in the truths that are turning them from heathen children to become with us heirs of all the ages. The embarrassments, the hesitations, only prove the strength of the force that can conquer these. I remember one evening as we were coming out of the chapel, the Captain's look and tone as he commented upon one of the Apaches struggling with his English; it had touched us all. It is in these Sunday evening meetings, more perhaps than anywhere else, that one gets an insight into the spirit of all the workers; it is not only the Captain who watches every step of the Indians, and rejoices in every gain; everybody here is doing it. No one's duty is merely perfunctorily done, and there is power as well as will. In these evenings one and another helps by a few words at need, and usually the Captain says a little; but it is understood that the pupils have the charge of the meetings. I was wondering to-night if in the days of primitive Christianity anything could have been more simple. I have

heard people say that Government schools did not teach religion. Then, what is religion?

Yet it is Saturday evenings that, most of all, I want you beside me, papa, and miss most of all the quick sympathy in your eyes. These are the evenings when the Captain gives his talks to the Indians. These talks are always full of strength and spirit; it is here that he shows himself in a remarkable sense an educator, in distinction from everything that we mean by a pedagogue. He never talks "superior down" to the children; he says in the simplest way what he has to say, and they all understand him. I believe that the newcomers, whose English is sometimes chiefly a thing of the future, catch his drift.

But there are times when we have more—so much more!—times when the spirit moves him as he stands there before his children, and the whole meaning and greatness of the cause come sweeping through his heart with a force that will have its way. It is of no use then how much he thinks of deeds, how little of words; the thoughts that underlie his work will tear out for themselves an utterance. Meanings, forces, deep purposes that sway the destinies of races, the laws that underlie human success and failure, crowd upon him. The walls of the chapel exist no more for him or for his hearers; all the people that he is struggling for are before him and us, and, more

than this, all races bound in the same bands, moved by the same impulses. It is little, then, to hear; we see, and our hearts beat hard, and what is there for *us* to dare and do?

And the breathlessness that falls upon us is upon the dark-hued race also, the children of his care and his toil, the inspirers of what the white man alone will never hear from him. And when, too soon, he is silent, and we listen to the rhythmic tramp of their feet, as two by two the Indians march out of the chapel, we believe it the first-heard steps of an army marching to victory.

The next week the round of work goes on harder than ever, if that could be. The Captain is trying to turn his thoughts into deeds; again it seems to him as if these were the only force.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHEYENNE AND PAWNEE.

I MEANT," wrote Polly, "to have put this story into my last letter. A part of it was told me, and for the rest of it I am indebted only to my own eyes and ears."

* * * * *

In the suburbs of a Pennsylvania town an Indian girl of nineteen came out from the piazza running along the side of a large house, and stood for a few minutes under the open sky.

The September moonlight threw a silver glory over everything, and the shadows of the trees gleaming in it quivered on the ground as the light breeze stirred their branches. Before her the intervalle stretched away from the little stream at the foot of the slope upon which she was standing, until against the horizon the hills rose in the radiance.

There is in the Indian a keen responsiveness to the moods of nature. No white boy, however tired of summer play, ever throws himself down upon the grass in that absolute abandonment to

restfulness that his red brother unconsciously falls into the moment he feels the touch of his mother earth; few untutored white children have the love of sunset brightness or of the glory of the hills that the Indian makes felt through his silence, or by his silent acquiescence when questioned.

The house that the girl had just left was one of substantial comfort, and had enough pretensions to beauty to make it questioned whether it had not been built rather for a mansion than a farmhouse. At a little distance on the left were all the buildings of a large stock farm, on every side were neatness and thrift, nor were signs of wealth wanting.

But in this scene, always pleasant to her, there was that evening a new significance, and as she looked about her long and attentively, she had never loved it better. The next day, Nettie Atsye was going back to Carlisle, for the fall term of the school had begun. She had been there five years, the time in which the Government and the people expect an Indian straight from savagery to acquire such knowledge and such civilization that his very presence at his reservation will leaven at once the solid lump of barbarism he finds there. But Nettie was not going home this autumn—not to the home at the Pawnee Agency.

It seemed to her a long time since her happy year with Mrs. Brimmer. Yet the years that had followed it had been happier to her; they had brought her congenial companionship in her school life, pleasant friends in the homes to which she had gone.

And what else had they brought?

Standing there in the moonlight, her hand stole down into her pocket, as if to assure herself of the safety of something lying there—a letter. It was the second in the same handwriting that had come to her that week. Was it from her home? No. From one who in her old home would have been the enemy of all her tribe, one whom there she might never have seen—the Cheyenne that from her first coming to Carlisle she had thought the very best boy there. The years had only confirmed her opinion. And their meetings in their recitations, in the social evenings at the school, in the girls' reception evenings, had given her the happy evidence that appreciation was not upon her side alone. Even for her school she would have been sorry to leave these people who had been so kind to her, and this place that she loved, if it had not been for the knowledge that the writer of these letters was to be at Carlisle this autumn.

As Nettie went out into the moonlight, there came from the great kitchen across the hall into

the sitting-room a young wife. Holding her hands between her husband's eyes and his newspaper, she said, as he turned to her:

"Ralph, I can't let Nettie go, she suits me so well. We understand each other perfectly; I am used to her, and I don't want to have anybody else, and I don't intend to, either. Why, you know what an excellent cook she is; and as to honesty, we could put all we have in the world into her hands; and there are so many ways that I can't tell them all. She is trusty with everything, and kind, and—well, Ralph, I'm fond of her, and I'm going to keep her."

"Why don't you do it?" laughed her husband. "Just treat her like a bale of goods that you won't deliver. You might hide her, and say she has run away. Would that do?" But Mr. Linley's smile turned into curiosity as his wife's look met it.

"I *am* going to keep her, but not in any such way. I am going to carry her off in the face of them all down there—drums beating, colors flying, boys in blue marching (Indian boys), and a general triumph, and everybody rejoicing, but nobody so much as I, except two people, Nettie and—who do you suppose is the other one, Ralph?"

"I suppose you mean me."

Mrs. Linley burst into a peal of laughter.

"How consummately masculine! Poor fellow! How hard it must be to be so extremely—uninspired! to be a man!"

"If you'll stand there looking at me and laughing, I think I can reconcile myself to that hard fate."

"Do you remember Richard Dunning? He was on your cousin's farm last summer, and he has been in this neighborhood before."

"Yes, indeed; I remember him—a splendid fellow. I tried for him myself one year, but he was engaged somewhere else."

"Try again. Your head dairyman is going away in a few months; see if you can't get Richard to take his place. He has more brains than that work will need, but our millionaires have generally begun with lower work; and, then, I think he will be willing to come."

The mysterious depths of her smile were too much for her watcher.

"What are you at?" he asked. "What has all this to do with your keeping Nettie?"

"Oh, a mere trifle. Nettie is engaged to Richard. And this thing that we are going to have is—merely a wedding! And then there will be four happy people in the house instead of two. Has the suggestion made its way into your brain, my lord and master, or shall I get the auger?"

Mr. Linley looked her over attentively. "Brilliant woman! Excellently mated!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly—by the law of contraries."

"But, Mary, how will you go about it?"

"Bring me my desk, Ralph, please; it's on the secretary there." When it was brought she opened it with an air of business, took out pen and paper, and uncorked her ink-bottle. Then she sat motionless for a full minute. At the end of it, she pushed the desk into her husband's lap. "Why, you are the one to do it, Ralph, of course; it is you who want Richard. And then you will make it sound more business-like." She answered his look of teasing by a little laugh that seemed to be satisfactory to him, and, adding that she had made everything ready for him, and she hoped very plain, settled herself to her book; but it was doubtful whether her frequent smiles came from the writer's thoughts or her own.

* * * * *

One mild morning in the following March. All over the school an air of expectation; and everybody busy with those last things that by no amount of foresight can be made to come out of place, which would be first. A sending of carriages to meet the morning trains, much going back and forth between all the quarters and the chapel, a carrying there of beautiful tropical plants to adorn it; and, later, the building filled

with the workers, the pupils, and the guests, all listening to the words of the marriage service, that, with however much rejoicing spoken and heard, are full of a solemnity that makes itself felt. At the altar, being made one by these low-spoken, solemn words, the two who had been born enemies—the Cheyenne, Richard Dunning, the Pawnee, Nettie Atsyé—henceforth to be one in purpose and in life, a high purpose and a life to be spent in a civilization that would strengthen this.

The six bridesmaids and the six groomsmen stood in graceful attendance upon the pair, and among them all everybody noticed how lovely Bessie Ridgeway looked, and how proud and fond of her seemed the young man beside her, her betrothed, an Oneida, one of the leaders among the older pupils.

Afterward it came out that Richard had never seen a wedding before (he must have been away from Carlisle at Capea's); but he could not have seemed more at ease if he had been best man at a score; and there was no awkwardness in Nettie's shyness.

Then the wedding breakfast, the bride's cake that Nettie cut herself, the wedding cake, the good-bys, the wishes, to say nothing of the showers of rice, the marching of the boys in blue—of some of them—down to the station

to see their comrades off, the departure of the wedding party, Mrs. Linley as demurely triumphant as any fairy godmother, and over all the dear old flag under which the bonds of savagery had been broken, and the bands which bind the home, the source of civilization and of happiness, made fast.

CHAPTER XXV.

POLLY'S ALLIES.

MR. BLATCHLEY was unusually silent that morning. Several times he looked up from the pile of letters that the early mail had brought as if he were expecting some one. But even the clerks about the bank failed to come for instructions; the running order must be better than usual, he thought. He finished reading his letters, answered one or two, yet with a restlessness that made his partner look at him; and, at last, wheeling about in his chair, said:

“Crofton, I’ve engaged a new clerk.”

“I thought we were full.”

“This is a personal matter; he is a young fellow who is to write for me from dictation, and to make himself generally useful. He’s to come to the Cooper Institute to study the beginnings of architecture, and he wants to work his way.”

“I see. Do you know anything about him?”

“A good deal.” A silence followed. “He

may be here at any moment," Mr. Blatchley added. "I hope you'll like him, Crofton."

"Is it of any consequence?" returned the other. "He's no idea of learning the business, it seems."

"Oh, no; but the circumstances are somewhat peculiar; I thought they might interest you." But, instead of telling them, Mr. Blatchley went on with his letters.

A few minutes later Mr. Crofton glanced up from his newspaper, and forgot to go back to it. The new clerk had arrived.

Who was he? What was he? For what Mr. Crofton told himself he refused to believe. The new-comer must be a foreigner; he was dark, yet not Italian, not Spanish, and not negro by any means. If he had been wrapped in a blanket, and had had strings of beads wound about his neck, feathers in long, lank hair, what looked like the inherited grime of centuries upon his face, an utterance guttural and unintelligible—Mr. Crofton perceived that then he should have had no difficulty in placing him. He ought now, to be sure, and he probably was right; but he said to himself that Blatchley was a mighty trying fellow to make a mistake before, and that the first impression must be an error that he should be mercilessly quizzed for disclosing.

It was some little time before he had an opportunity to interview his partner.

"Can't quite make out the nationality in there," he began.

"American of the purest kind; compared to him, we haven't a right to the name."

"I couldn't believe he was really Indian, though of course his looks betray him. It was his ways that puzzled me," he added, as he saw the smile hover on his listener's face; "as cool as if he'd been brought up on city pavements and in banking houses.

"You know that's characteristic."

"Perhaps it's characteristic, too, to take hold of his work as if he'd been born doing it; he hasn't asked you one-half the questions that any other clerk I ever saw would have done. Is that an Indian trait, too?"

"That may be somewhat in the bringing up. I don't know," said Mr. Blatchley.

"Belongs to one of the civilized tribes, I suppose—parents educated?"

"Certainly—on the war-path. No, he is from one of the wild tribes; I forget for the moment which one Polly told me."

"Ah! then he's one of the Carlisle students?"

"Yes."

Mr. Crofton asked a number of questions. Then he sat considering.

"Blatchley," he said at last, "I don't approve of Carlisle; I should think the scientific men would

combine to put it down. It is such work to get it settled what to believe, and, after no end of trouble, we've about settled down to the evolution theory and the gradual development of races; and here comes along this Carlisle and puts its savages, its American Indians, into the mill, and grinds out the American, and leaves the Indian by the way!"

"In a few years," laughed Blatchley, "everybody will be trying to prove that it was he who was first in this discovery; and I want to be able to make out my case with the best. I went down to the class with the boy last night," he added. "When the others found out that an Indian was there, they watched him furtively to see if the tomahawk was peeping out anywhere. White Hawk must have seen them. But he drew out his pencil and set to work when the order came; and it wasn't half an hour before they perceived that this was the weapon that he was in danger of scalping them all with. I say, Crofton, what do you think of leaving off poking up the Indian with a thousand-mile pole, and taking him by the hand? It might answer. I was afraid, if I didn't try it, I should come in at the tag end of the procession. Rogers," as a clerk passed them, "what about that check?" And Mr. Blatchley became absorbed in business.



It was a few hours after this scene. Mrs. Ascott sat in her morning-room looking keenly at her companion. She was at the moment fully conscious of certain advantages in dealing with him. She was twenty years his senior; she was in her own house, which gives an added confidence to the strongest. It was earlier than the usual visiting hour, so that she probably had time to learn without interruption whatever he had to tell her, and his confidence made her more cordial. Did she want to amuse herself by the sight of another's trouble, even if it seemed to her, and in reality were, merely a stage to a triumph worth a thousand times the passage?

This was not Mrs. Ascott; she was too strong to like to tease for the sake of torturing. If she gave advice, it would be her best judgment; if she gave sympathy, it would be genuine. But, for all this, what fun there was in the state of affairs she was as sure to enjoy as she was to breathe. She sat now listening to Tony Hathaway with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth—a smile that made him laugh out, yet not heartily.

"It's absurd," he said. "If it were the labors of Hercules, why, there would be only twelve, and one could get to the end of them." A strong expression flashed over Mrs. Ascott's face, but she said nothing. "But this indefiniteness is

huge," he went on; "one can never get to the end of it. And yet, that's very little. The difficulty is, I don't know how much"—

Tony stopped, and, man of the world though he was, he colored a little under his hearer's searching gaze.

"Do you happen to remember that verse of Lowell's?" she asked him, with a slow distinctness—"Earth asks its price for what earth gives us?"

The flush mounted still higher upon Tony's forehead. "You are very severe," he said, as his eyes fell. He sat a moment in silence. Then he looked into Mrs. Ascott's face. "If earth should give me *her*," he said, "there would be no way of getting its price for this. I have nothing like this to give. You know I understand that?"

Mrs. Ascott's glance softened. "If I did not," she answered, "I should have nothing to do with you; you would be that most inexcusable of all things, stupid." But her smile meant more kindness than her words expressed.

"But, then," Tony went on, "one does like to know what is expected of him. When one gets his inspiration second hand, he ought to know his part pretty well. Let her command my time—days of it if she will, I mean—for this especial object, and give me anything to do she likes; but to tell me to wake people up—gracious!"

Mrs. Ascott burst out laughing, and, in spite of himself, Tony joined her.

"To wake people up when one is asleep one's self—that *is*, to say the least, difficult. But I can tell you one thing that I suspect, Tony."

"What's that?"

"I suspect this was why it was given to you—to see how much awake yourself you really were."

Tony sprang to his feet; and it was only after he had several times walked the length of the room that he came back to Mrs. Ascott again. "Do you mean she doesn't believe I really care?" he asked. "Why, that's impossible. Of course, I really do care in a way, because I'm sure I ought to. But you've no idea how admirably I did it all. I was positively clever about it. I sometimes went ahead of her in my enthusiasm, especially where I thought she cared most."

"Sit down," said his hearer. "I don't know what your experience has been, nor how much skill in fencing you have; but, for myself, I know that when Polly Blatchley has, upon some occasions, looked straight into my face, she has found what she searched for there, the truth, and that, if I had not been willing to have her, she would have found it all the same. I don't mean that she can divine special facts at all, but, in the general judgment of what is genuine and what is not, there is nobody I would trust sooner—nobody,

Tony. But," she added, looking with a winning smile into the young man's pale face, "it is possible she may forgive you."

And, with recollections of her own youth, she watched the face before her brighten in every line and hue, as if the sun had risen upon a twilight landscape.

* * * *

It was two weeks later that, in this same room, the childless Mrs. Ascott greeted Polly Blatchley almost as if the girl had been her daughter.

"It was so kind in you to come to me at once," she said.

"When your cold was too severe to let you come to me?" answered Polly.

"You are looking very well," said the elder lady, a moment after.

"I haven't thought about how I felt for a long time, and I suspect that's a good sign," laughed the other.

Polly was much interested in hearing the news which her friend not only had, but understood how to tell; and Mrs. Ascott liked to bring out the girl's comments. It was she, and not Polly, who at length brought the conversation to the Indians, picking up, if possible, a bit of information by the way.

"Tony Hathway ran down to see you, he tells me, Polly," she began.

"Yes," said Polly.

"He has been telling me all about his visit, and many of the things he saw which he thinks are wonderful."

"Yes," said Polly, "he seemed to. He has promised to do what he can for the cause."

"I think he will do something. Tony's a good fellow, Polly."

"Yes," answered Polly the third time. "And he is a most entertaining companion, and he is wonderfully clever. Don't you think so?" And she turned upon her questioner one of the searching looks that Mrs. Ascott had spoken of to Hathway.

"Ye-es, he's clever; but he is very honestly interested in trying to interest you, my dear."

"That's nice, isn't it?" responded the girl, meeting her friend's eyes as steadily as if she did not know that the color was high in her face. "We'll rope him in — you see?"

"Um! Yes, I see," replied Mrs. Ascott, with a new revelation as to the marvelous diplomacy of the simple truth. She was not destined to learn that morning, at least, it was plain, the probable result of Polly's affair.

She began to talk to her about Carlisle.

Hathway had been right in speaking of the lighting up of her face. Mrs. Ascott saw now how Polly had improved; how the fitting of her

theories into facts had stimulated her to new perceptions and given her wider resources in argument and illustration. She listened to her account with growing interest; and something of the girl's activity may have infused itself into her aside from her wish to please her young friend, for at the end of an hour she said, suddenly:

"I'll get together a hundred influential people here in my parlors, if you'll give them a talk, Polly." She smiled as she saw an expression of something very like dismay pass over the girl's face. "Does that stagger you, my dear? You remember the man who, in a crowd, commiserating a poor fellow who had lost his all by fire, took off his hat, and went through the crowd asking everybody, 'How much are you sorry?'"

"I was only frightened," answered the girl. "I'll do it, Mrs. Ascott, and thank you for giving me the opportunity—only, it ought to be somebody who will do it better."

"Yes, it's a pity; but we must do the best we can with the material we have."

"I didn't mean to offer an excuse," said Polly. And then they began to arrange for the talk.

* * * *

Tony Hathway sat talking with Polly in her home; he had made himself of use in the cause she had at heart, and at the same time had not neglected to do whatever lay in his power to for-

ward his own. He had too much tact to give an opportunity for a repulse; but he had not been left by Polly under the supposition that his fortune in the least depended upon any action that he might take here. If he chose to believe that by reason of these efforts she would read his character more favorably, why, this might be true, and yet might not be by any means enough. Tony hardly knew himself how Polly had managed this delicate matter, but he was very sure that she had never lost that charming dignity of hers, and equally clear that he understood her, and that he would never have cause to reproach her with unfairness; and yet he went on seeing what he really could do to wake people up, and between his labors reflecting that he was, in a way, practicing his profession, which was to be one of persuasion, and so that some good must come of it. But it was only in cynical moods, when the future was rather more than usually clouded, that he said this to himself.

That evening, as Polly bade her father good-night, he detained her a moment; they were alone together. "My little girl," he said, "you are drawing upon Mr. Hathway's time a good deal; I don't mean that he is here unreasonably often, but he is doing a good deal to help you in this Indian work, isn't he?"

"Yes, papa."

"Is he doing it for the cause, Polly?"

Polly's head fell; the half-smile that for an instant hovered upon her lips gave place to gravity. For a little while she stood silent. Then she lifted her head; her gray eyes looked into her father's dark ones with that truthfulness that had always been between their owners.

"I'm afraid not wholly, papa."

"And for all this he expects — my daughter?"

"He has no right to, papa."

"And he will have no right to reproach you?"

"No, papa."

"He knows exactly what you mean?"

"Of course, papa."

"And you know?"

The girl's eyes fell. "No, I do not," she said.

"Don't you think you ought, Polly? I have no fault to find with your dignity, but my little girl must be kind. Mustn't she?" he insisted, as silence met him. "Ought she not to know what she means?"

Again Polly lifted her head. Her lips were trembling, her face was flushed, but the beautiful eyes met her questioner's, not in that moment as a daughter, but as a human being brought to bay asserts the right to liberty.

"God does not demand me to decide now," she said; "why should you?"

In silence her father took her in his arms and kissed her good-night.

The morning's mail brought her a letter from Lance, inclosing a true account of something that had happened since Polly's return, and asking for the MS. again, because the story was to go into "The Red Man"; as it afterward did.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD FETTERS.

IN the warm April sunshine of the Indian Territory, a cottage, the great trees before it already yellow-green with the coming foliage; on the left a stretch of timberland, and through its clearings glimpses of the dark waters of the Washita. Between the cottage and the river lay the road to the agency buildings three miles away — a road traveled by wagons chiefly of heavy build, by foot-passengers with dark faces, lank hair, and dress sometimes wholly Indian, sometimes toned by borrowings from the apparel of civilization; often, too, there flashed along it riders who seemed at one with their swift steeds.

Yet frequently—and it was so that morning—the road lay deserted from eastern to western horizon. At such times this cottage seemed alone upon the earth. On the right of the house was a garden marked out and planted with stakes driven around to mark the line of the unbuilt fence. Behind this garden and behind the cot-

tage stretched acres of land under tillage, and beyond these the grassy plain waiting for the hand of the plowman to finish his work.

And the plowman?

The air came softly in at the open windows of a little room in the cottage—a room with furniture of the simplest kind, but with its smallness expanded to limitless space, its simplicity turned to the home of all mystery, by the shrouded figure upon the bed.

Beside this stood Natalie Osandiah. With Capea she had come back to her tribe to lead them out to the new earth awaiting them, to tell them of the new heavens far beyond their heathen fancies, and of the Fatherhood whose protectingness was far beyond that of the Great Spirit.

And who knew all this so well as he did now, lying there with lips that would reveal nothing?

She pressed her own lips more tightly together, and her tearless eyes fastened themselves more earnestly upon the still face. Skill had done its utmost. Kind voices had sounded in her ears, kind hands had helped her ministry, she had seen tears in the eyes of those who but the other day had seemed strangers. Yet it had been all of no use. And now Natalie was with her dead.

In the room beyond were her own kindred. But in her grief the gulf between herself and them had grown wider. They were Indian in

thought and life, wedded to Indian ways. She had always remembered their spirit; it was Capea who had wanted to come back from the East; she had dreaded all that they would have to meet. Now he had gone, and she was left alone to fight out the battle between the old and the new. Even now it had begun again, for those beyond the door were waiting to draw her back into the life of her own tribe, and to bury her husband with their rites.

But all that Capea had told her to do should be done; she would follow his guidance so long as that was left to her.

And then?

Her thoughts went into the past, to her happy school days, and her happy married life at the school. And yet she remembered her failures best; selfishness that she could not atone for now, words she could never unsay—these smote her with the unconscious revenge that the deaf and silent dead bring. Yet she had loved Capea well, and he had known it. She went back in thought to the days of her childhood when she had seen him growing into manhood, bright, brave, fierce in battle, and of an untamable spirit; and hating the white man as a usurper and a tyrant. Yesterday he had been living among his people in the guilelessness of truth and the security of peace, guiding the plow to set an example

of labor, and speaking to them of the new life, new hope, new powers, of a nation of which they were a part—a nation greater than all their tribes—and of a reservation that reached from ocean to ocean. It had seemed hard to believe that this had been the same man. Yet she remembered a day when the young men had threatened him with violence for turning back from the ways of his fathers, had scoffed at the plow in his hands. Then Capea had shown that he was still a warrior. How his eyes had flamed, how haughty his bearing had been!

A sound in the next room roused her. She rose, opened the door, and, standing with it in her hand, said, "Where is Richard? Will some one bring him to me?"

A woman in Indian dress rose silently and went out. Her face was swart and seamed, her features strong, her eyes piercing, her hair grizzled. She was tall, and her bearing had dignity, as if she remembered that she was the daughter of a chief and the wife of one.

In a few moments she came back leading a child of about three years. The other Indian women in the room had not spoken or moved. One was Natalie's younger sister; she might have been twenty—a tall figure, large framed, her long hair braided down her back, her features stronger than her mother's, her eyes softer. The

other two were older than Natalie; their dress showed that they were women of rank in their tribe, but their inert faces proved the absence of mental growth, as their bearing did of training. It was not only the unconscious dignity of grief which made Natalie a strong contrast as she stood there silent, holding out her hand to the boy who, snatched from his play, was coming forward reluctantly, pulling against the grasp that drew him on, and rubbing in his tears with a grimy little hand. But he ran to his mother.

She caught him up in her arms and went into the silent room again, closing the door behind her. Was she going to hold this boy between herself and the force that would attack her? She kept him in her arms and stood looking down at his father. She knew what Capea had hoped for his boy. Was she pledging herself to make him such a man?

The smiles with which the child had greeted her gave place to a wondering intentness, and as Natalie stood motionless, all at once he sprang forward in her arms, and, crying, "Wake up, wake up, papa!" laid his little hand against the still face. He drew it back and began to sob with his head on Natalie's shoulder.

"Papa will wake up some time, Richard. Look at him now to remember him." But he only clung to her the more closely.

"No, no, mamma, Richard come to-morrow,
Richard go now; go, go, mamma."

Natalie shivered. A thought that she had thrust away came back in its horror. Was she still an Indian woman, with the old superstitions deepest of all?

She carried the child away.

Capea Osandiah's funeral was as he had wished it to be. The missionary at the agency, who loved him—for the two men had worked together—led the services. No Indian rite, no touch of the old customs, marred their simple beauty. None knew how hard Natalie had struggled to insure this immunity.

As the procession of white people and Indians passed out of sight of the cottage, another procession, much shorter and of very different character, drew toward it cautiously. Here were twelve Indians finely mounted and in complete savage costume. Fastening their horses, they went into the house. A few had been among those who had visited Capea with threats. They said that now, in spite of his apostasy, something should be done for him. But was it this which moved them? Or was it that at last their turn had come?

At her husband's grave Natalie's longing for those who had made her fit to be his companion, who had understood him at his best and who

would give her the fullest sympathy, rose almost to a cry. At her school they had loved him and would always love him; and she remembered that before this, from the very first, from the Florida days, he had been understood and believed in, all his fidelity had been stimulated by confidence, and his soul filled with this hope for his race. "If he had only stayed at the East!" she wailed.

Meanwhile, in her home everything was in motion; the whole house seemed alive. In all the rooms, in the yard, everywhere, were hurrying figures. At one of the windows appeared an Indian with bed and bedding in his arms which he tossed out. The closets were emptied of wearing apparel, the kitchen of the utensils; bedstead, bureau, chairs, every article of furniture, the few knick-knacks that Natalie had collected, Capea's books, were all thrown together — nothing was spared. The Indians ransacked the stable and brought out Capea's wagon and his farming implements, shouting in derision, as they did it, that he had chosen these instead of the weapon of a warrior, and that these were what should follow him to the happy hunting grounds. Did he expect to plow there? His cattle were driven off, and then they brought out his ponies. The practiced eyes of the marauders ran over the points of these fine animals, and then turned upon each other. In silence they tied the ponies to the trees near their own horses.

And these household goods?

Each man took from the pile something that caught his fancy, and then they turned to one another. They had shown their purpose to maintain their old ways; should they carry it further and burn this heap of Capea's household goods? Here a division arose. Each side urged its reasons. In the midst of the argument they caught a distant sound. They sprang upon their horses, and, leading Capea's ponies, dashed off.

When Natalie returned, the desolation of a house stripped to its walls was added to the desolation of death.

She was grateful to the friends who were indignant for her, grateful for the agent's promise that the marauders should be made to pay for their work. Yet nothing could lessen her grief or save her from the battle that was already upon her.

For daily, hourly, the old set itself against the new; from the outside circle were innuendoes, scoffs, jeers—a silent contempt that Natalie was not above feeling. But her brother, her mother, her sister, were the strongest foes of the life she wished to live. No; the strongest was deep in her own heart—a sympathy with their superstition that would not die, and that she feared, above all things, they would discover. Whether consciously or unconsciously, they played upon it mercilessly.

But first they appealed to her ambition and to her loneliness.

"Capea was a good man," they said; "but he is dead, and now come with us. You can be to your tribe something of what he might have been before he went away. You know many things; your people will look up to you; you can be a wise woman, a guide, and we want you; you are ours."

But she saw how different was Capea's work from their conception of it. And she had her boy.

Her brother came one day and found her in the field overlooking an Indian whom she had hired.

"You plow?" he asked, scornfully.

"I'm finishing my husband's allotment," she answered him; "he never liked work half done. Come and help me."

He turned away. But he said no more about her plowing.

All this was dreary. She was full of homesickness for the home that was not.

But it was through her dearest affection, her boy, that the danger came. "Capea turned against the gods of his fathers," they began. Natalie shivered; but she held her head proudly, and, as in a death struggle, she held her faith, too.

But this was not enough. One day her mother

came to her. There was a new impressiveness in her manner.

"Capea turned against the gods of his fathers," she began—all the repetition of this had not ceased to make Natalie inwardly tremble. "He died suddenly," she went on; "but not in battle; the gods in their anger slew him." Then, coming close, she added slowly, "You turn against them, they take your boy, they slay him all at once—they like children."

Natalie's heart stopped. But she turned her imperturbable Indian face upon her mother.

"There are no gods," she said. "There is only one God. He took Capea? Yes, I know it. He"— Her voice failed her, and her mother's keen eyes noted her pallor.

But it was alone that night, after Richard was asleep beside her, that Natalie knelt with her head on the floor, praying.

The next day her sister came. It was in awe-struck tones that she repeated her mother's words, and the eyes that looked into Natalie's had a wistfulness in their terror. "You watch," she added; "you have a sign; maybe the boy give it."

Richard's words about his father had never gone out of her heart. "It is not true, it is not true," she said, vehemently. And she caught up the child and held him close in her arms.

But this only brought them back more forcibly. She dropped her face upon her boy's neck, and the great tears came, and then the sobs, until the tempest shook her like a leaf. Her sister, distressed, tried to console her. She begged to stay with her. But Natalie sent her away.

All that night she sat awake. It was but little after sunrise that, leading Richard by the hand, she came to the agency buildings.

"Can you give me work here?" she asked. "I want something that will keep me with you while I am doing it. Is there nothing?"

"Yes; I am in need of an interpreter," said the missionary, "if you will take the place."

So the old fetters were broken.

But, for her boy's future, Natalie's eyes are turned eastward; and there, among his father's friends, she wishes his son to live.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

POLLY BLATCHLEY stood before her audience. Since her plays as a child, her only experience of an audience had been in school exhibitions; and these, which had been few, had not in the least prepared her for her present ordeal. Then she was one of many; everything had been marked out for her, and, although she cared for her personal success or failure, nothing else had been involved. But here were people all older than she was. Some of them would not be likely to take her seriously, since they had known her almost from babyhood; all were people of influence, as Mrs. Ascott had promised her; and at the moment it seemed to Polly that every eye was transfixing her with the question, "What have you brought us here for? Your cause is very great; upon one side it sweeps in the very laws of existence. Upon the whole, isn't it too great for you to handle?"

What she had studied out to say, what she

really knew well about her subject, not only dwindled in importance at the moment, but altogether went out of her head. She felt that she stood facing the most fastidious audience in the city with a subject—a great subject—and nothing more.

She feared that the trembling which seized upon her would soon be visible to all. Her mouth was parched; she could not open her lips—which seemed of little consequence, since she had nothing to say. She had not the remotest idea how long she had stood there; it might have been only a minute, it might have been an hour, that the people had been sitting there waiting for her to begin.

She made a desperate effort. But instead of words coming to her, the room swam before her eyes, and she laid a steady hand upon the desk before her.

Was she going to desert her cause, the cause she loved? Had she no word to speak for Carlisle, and for all the race that the work there was striving to uplift?

Scenes there began to come before her; she saw the Indian children going up to their recitations. She heard the complaint of the little fellow to his teacher about the exhibition: "Too many eyes; I scare, I scare." At that moment Polly understood him perfectly. But he had gone

upon the stage; he had gone through with his part; he had not failed, this little Chiricahua, speaking in a language new to him—he, a mere child. Ah, he had been braver than she was; he, this little Apache, yesterday a savage!

Polly lifted her head. She looked over her audience unflinchingly. The hand resting upon the desk steadied.

She began to speak.

A gentleman in the audience turned to his companion.

"What a fine dramatic pause!" he whispered.
"Where did she get that, I wonder?"

She gave an account of the work done at Carlisle, sketching this lightly, and from this running into anecdotes that brightened her narrative while they explained the spirit of the place. She told the story of Capea, gaining new inspiration from her hearers as she went on, and thrilling them with his nobleness and his devotion, making them feel here at its best the human element belonging to every race and age and clime. "Capea need not have been an Indian at all," said one to another, softly; "he might have been the hero of an old epic." She told how Faith Red Heart had escaped that tragedy of a life, so much worse than the tragedy of a death, which had threatened her in that land where muscles ruled—a land that was in America, and not of it. She told the

story of Richard and Nettie. It seemed to her listeners a charming romance, with a conclusion as happy, and as natural a starting out in married life, as if the pair had been—not Indian, and so, with the world before them where to choose, had gone to a distant part of their own land, because the opening which all men look for had come to them there.

Long before she had told her histories Polly had forgotten her audience except as spectators with her of the scenes that were moving before her. The meanings that these had brought, the thoughts that had been given her there, and those that had arisen within herself, came fast about her. There opened out to her more and more the wideness of the work of which the Indian was only a part, more and more the consciousness of the humanity that bridges all the gulfs of time and of race, and she believed more and more in the power that this had over those before her. And to them, as they listened, it seemed as if a reality enveloped the Indian—he had come nearer; he *was* very human.

It was then that Polly swept out suddenly into the question :

“In what way shall we do this work? In the way centuries old, before we moved by steam and talked by electricity? Or in the American way?

“We, the Europeans, have had our reservations

in the old days of the feudal system. And the beginning of the end of them all was when all Europe tumbled into Asia upon an errand that seems to us to-day one of the wildest vagaries. And yet, when we think of it, all the folly of that quest has passed away, and the good that it brought us has grown into vastness. Because, under the absurdity of it and all the opportunities for crime that it gave rise to, there was the purpose to bring about a better life; and when the other things failed this was successful. We did not recover the tomb of Christ, and tread the infidel under our heel. But while we were learning from the more refined life of the Eastern races, we were also beginning to learn the lesson that the enmity against them was our own, not Heaven's. The Crusades, most wild and bigoted of all ecclesiastic obediences, prepared the way for that modern Europe that thinks and reasons, and prides itself upon being actuated by scientific motives. For the Crusades broke up the reservations; they began to mingle the nations in travel and commercial intercourse, they broke up the feudal system, which was Europe's nearest approach to patriarchal institutions, and began to bring about that state of affairs which Emerson characterizes as distinctively Anglo-Saxon and the secret of Anglo-Saxon supremacy, where every man is beset by hardship until he has fought his

way to his own loaf. We call this the American way. We in this country feel ourselves especially the heirs of all the ages, because we have profited by some of the mistakes of Europe without having had to pass through the experience nationally. We have said that we will take men from all nations to Americanize; and we have been eminently successful in doing it. When other nations wonder at our success, we say, "It's very simple; all men are created free and equal — just treat them so, take away the limitations, put on the stimulus, bring them face to face with all the possibilities of existence. If they have power, and will win these, it's no miracle; it is simply science. It is the evolution brought about by enlargement of environment. It means that America is the land without reservations — with one exception. By what science, by what lesson of history, by what anomaly in the reserved, does she explain this exception?

"In those old days of the Crusades there was one expedition undertaken which ever since has filled men with astonishment at its absurdity and its cruelty — the Crusade of the Children. The poor little ones never reached the Holy Land, except those who found it above, but they perished by thousands on the way. And ever since that time men have wondered at the blindness that sent them forth to combat with the evils

that strong men often found too hard for them. To-day we are wiser. We go into the slums, into the highways and hedges, and gather the children into shelter, that they may grow into manhood before they are set to fight against armed evils that grown people are trying to conquer. This is the American way; it is so well established now that we never think of doing otherwise—again with one exception. Here we are like old Europe in the days of her barbarism, for we send the children out upon a crusade—a crusade that until now has proved too hard for us. What children? The Indian children. What crusade? Against the savagery of the reservations. It is their opening lives that we crush in this struggle. It is their new endeavors, weapons which they are only beginning to learn to wield, that they are called upon to oppose to the skill of veteran soldiers in savagery.

“In America we pride ourselves above all things on being fair. Is this fair? Is this the American way? No; it is the American anomaly. The Indian is an American. Why will we not treat him in the American way?”

